

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT



CHRISTMAS 1893.

SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

ENTS.

"EVEN TO THE LAST DIP OF THE VANISHING SAIL
SHE WATCHED IT AND DEPARTED WEeping FOR HIM."

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New
Carpet House

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1893.

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TORONTO:

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (LTD.)

1893.





OLD DICKSON, or in better introductory phrase, Mr. Joseph Dickson, sometime merchant and present millionaire, to the extent he might, enjoyed his hotel life. The rooms he occupied and the service he had suited him, and his generous purse suited everything. He had no home, for he had no kin, and while home can be anywhere with kin it can be nowhere without them. His friends he had outlived. Among the many persons who called themselves such, there was but one whom he so named. He was at once the most approachable and the least acquirable of men. He would give audience with the same politeness to all people, from senator to stoker, but it was only to Dominick Byrne now that he gave anything more. In the society of this man, his junior by perhaps two score years, he felt, in respect of current topics and old-time memories, that he had a comrade. Upon the questions of the day they disagreed, since Dominick was fiercely conservative and he incongruously radical. Upon matters of the past they quarreled, because Dominick laughed at things which he revered, and as a set-off to his accounts of the dividends and the ambitions of the old fur-trading company to which he had belonged, related its carousals. Upon business ventures they differed, since Dominick was cautious, systematic and usually unfortunate, and he was quick, unbusinesslike and invariably successful. In social policy they were unlike, for Dominick was unpretentious, direct, repellent, and he was theatric, equivocal and suave. He had always pirouetted through life; Dominick advanced taking one step squarely after the other. Notwithstanding all this, he considered Dominick to be the counterpart of himself, and the man who handled a pipe and enjoyed a joke like no one else in the world.

They were seated one night in Old Dickson's large, airy bed-room, one on either side of the little inlaid table, where, amid papers, interesting with tapes and seals, stood a decanter and two glasses. He was comfortable in slippers and dressing-gown, elaborate with silken cords and tassels. As he uttered his remarks he emphasized them with nods of his bald but elegant head, and wrinkled his cheeks with smiles. One side of his face was drawn slightly out of shape and his lips trembled like his hands. His senescence threw into strong relief the uncommon vigor, the perfect manhood of his companion.

Directly above them shone the splendid chandelier, pendent from the center of the ceiling, over which floated in idle glee, plump, pink cherubs, scattering flowers which never fell. In a distant corner was the broad, pompous

bed, and in the left wall the handsome, unlighted fireplace. There was something in the polished floor, the grandeur of the furniture, the precision of the appointments, which reminded one of the palatial rooms at Versailles—especially if one had never seen them. After having talked for ten minutes unheeded, the old man suddenly interjected with all the pathos he could gather:

"You ought to behave well to me. Whom have I but you?"

"Don't I suffice?" said Dominick with calm impertinence.

"You do, certainly; when you will come and chat a little, and be better company than you are to-night."

"What do you complain of to-night?"

"You are not listening to me."

"I was looking over this lease of yours."

"Lease! Lease! I am talking of this life of mine. Is not that of greater moment? Have I much time left, and was not that almost taken from me, indeed would have been had she not—"

"Chanced to—"

"Chanced! Ah, son, you never really understood it. Now, allow me to explain."

"Hold on, sir. Don't repeat it to-night."

"Dominick, you see that foot!" he said impressively. "Well, there it was, caught in the frog. She knelt down, I assure you of it, with the train in full speed—"

"Bearing down—"

"Approaching, and—"

"Lugged you off."

"Severed the lace and—"

"Then lugged you off."

"Wrenched the boot from my foot and dragged me from the track. Dominick—"

"I know; I know."

"It was heroic. She saved my life."

Byrne displayed no enthusiasm. It was an old story to him.

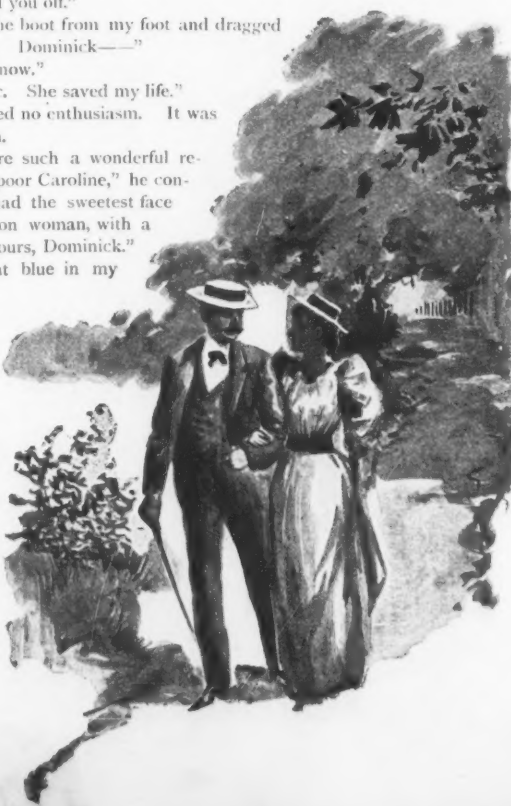
"And she bore such a wonderful resemblance to my poor Caroline," he continued, "and she had the sweetest face I have ever seen on woman, with a fine blue eye like yours, Dominick."

"There's scant blue in my eye," returned Byrne indifferently.

"You do not realize her heroism, my dear fellow. She refused to speak of herself, but I shall yet discover her. She shall not elude my vigilance. And I wish—I wish you to know her."

"Old man," said Byrne, "you better get to bed."

"Nay, I am



not jesting. She was the image of my Caroline. Strange, boy, how these women hold us in life and haunt us in death. My wife and my Caroline—even yet they inhabit my heart, though reft so long ago from my arms. Here I am, solitary and old, understood by none, loved by none but you, Dominick—"

"And with one foot in the grave, ready for a joke—and even a lame one at that."

"Not at all. There is no joke about it, nothing of the kind. I intend to find her, and you must see her. I am indebted to her beyond —"

"And in showing her to me, do you expect to relieve your indebtedness?"

"Leave that to me! Will you be tractable?"

"No."

There was probably never a rounder word than Dominick's *no*.

"And why not?" spoken with dignity.

"Because you have concocted some fool plan about her."

"Tell me, is there any young woman you—a—a—"

"Yes."

"And you never spoke to me of it!"

"Nor to anyone else," answered Byrne kindly.

"My young lady is so much like Caroline. If you could have taken a fancy to her—" the old man paused to consider.

On the following day every window in the office of Byrne & Anderson was open, and the pleasant breeze of the cool June afternoon was strong enough to stir the loose papers lying on the table, and audacious enough to lift now and then one of Dominick Byrne's curly locks. But Dominick Byrne was nevertheless very hot, and his face was violently red. He was holding in his hand a note for four thousand dollars, payable in six months, signed with his own name. He turned and stared at the gentleman who was seated near him.

"What brings you with this to me?"

The gentleman, scrutinizing him keenly, replied: "To see if it is all right."

"Have you got eyes?"

"Yes, but perhaps—"

"Well, use them and get out," said the Irishman, frowning with his own.

"Good Lord! You needn't be so bearish. Eakins told me to step in and see you about it. He says he heard you had withdrawn the whole of your deposit from the Dominion Bank, and that, together with this loan from him, looks as if you were up to a lark. Now, I have something on hand if you are willing to—"

"I'm not."

"Oh!" exclaimed the gentleman with ill-concealed annoyance, "IT WAS HEROIC. SHE SAVED MY LIFE."

"Yes," retorted Byrne savagely, as the other departed, taking the note with him.

When the door closed, Dominick leaned back in his chair with his gaze fixed on the meaningless wall opposite him, and his hands clenched. This was for him a singular attitude, for his gaze was habitually fixed on significant things and his hands when clenched were usually clenching something.

A sudden sound in the passage without made him start and brought a flash of hope to his face. The next instant it was dissipated by the appearance of a stout, swaggering figure, topped by a silk hat, worn almost at right angles with its owner's head.

"Is Anderson in?" demanded the new-comer, undaunted by the young man's face.

"No," he continued, after hearing the brief response, "I guess he ain't. He wasn't in this morning either. I guess he ain't ever in when he's wanted. But he's got to be in for me. He's been dodging me long enough. He run from me

yesterday in the pool-rooms yonder. Now, look here, I just met Eakins' partner (Gunn) on the stairs, and I reckon from what he says Byrne & Anderson are flush. Now, I have a little private matter to settle with Anderson and—"

"I have nothing to do with your little private matters," broke in Byrne, finding it impossible to listen any longer, "and there is only one kind of thing I will do with you, and that would not be pleasant for you. I'm not Anderson."

"No," cried the man, who had retreated to the threshold during this last speech, "but you're as big a shark."

That evening Dominick Byrne opened Dr. Anderson's gate and entered reluctantly. He passed slowly up the path. Across the high, full hedge, and between the intervening trees, he saw the old couple sitting on the veranda in the sweet evening light, spectacled, newspapered and content. When he reached the steps a girl with a bend like that of some tall, beautiful flower, appeared at the door and at the same moment Mrs. Anderson perceiving him cried out with flattering fuss:

"Oh, here is our Mr. Byrne! Mary! Mary! Daughter Mary!"

"I saw him long ago, mother," said the girl, smiling intently at Dominick.

"Did you indeed?" said the lady staidly. "Well, Mr. Byrne, what in the world does Jim mean?"

Dominick turned away to look for a seat. He occupied several minutes in discovering one. Then he drawled:

"Mean by what?"

"Why," said Mrs. Anderson with an aggrieved manner, "this morning we received a note from my son asking us to send some of his clothes down town at once, and saying that he had to go away hurriedly and that you would explain."

"Yes," replied Byrne apologetically, "he was obliged to go this morning. He had to reach New York to-morrow. He may be away for some time—may have to go to England."

"Bless my soul! What's he rushing about like that for?" exclaimed Dr. Anderson, throwing back his white head to gaze at Byrne.

"Didn't you do some rushing in your young days, sir?"

"I was never like you fellows. Your lawyers are so restless; they wear their lives out."

"And thereby your doctors live," retorted the young man. Then without waiting for a reply he said: "Mary, I'm not going to stay to-night. You may walk as far as the track with me?"

The Andersons resided, equally from a desire for quiet and economy, somewhat out of the city in the third concession, about a mile north of the track. The sun was disappearing as Dominick walked with Mary on his arm under the balmy branches of the elms, and cedars, and oaks, which overhung the road. He caught its last rays resting on her soft hair, lurking in her warm eyes. She had not questioned the shortness of his visit. She had never learned to think his time at her disposal. However, he volunteered information.

"I have to see Old Dickson to-night."

"Old Dickson?" echoed Mary vaguely.

"One of my clients. You have often heard me speak of him."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," she said. Then in a doubtful voice: "Don't you think Jim might have managed to say good-bye to mother?"

"It was business."

"Does business mean money?"

"I wish they were precisely identical, Mary," Byrne said absently.

"Dominick," cried the girl with a sudden abandon, which her customary bearing left unsuspected, "I care for everything about you—everything, even what others may dislike—"

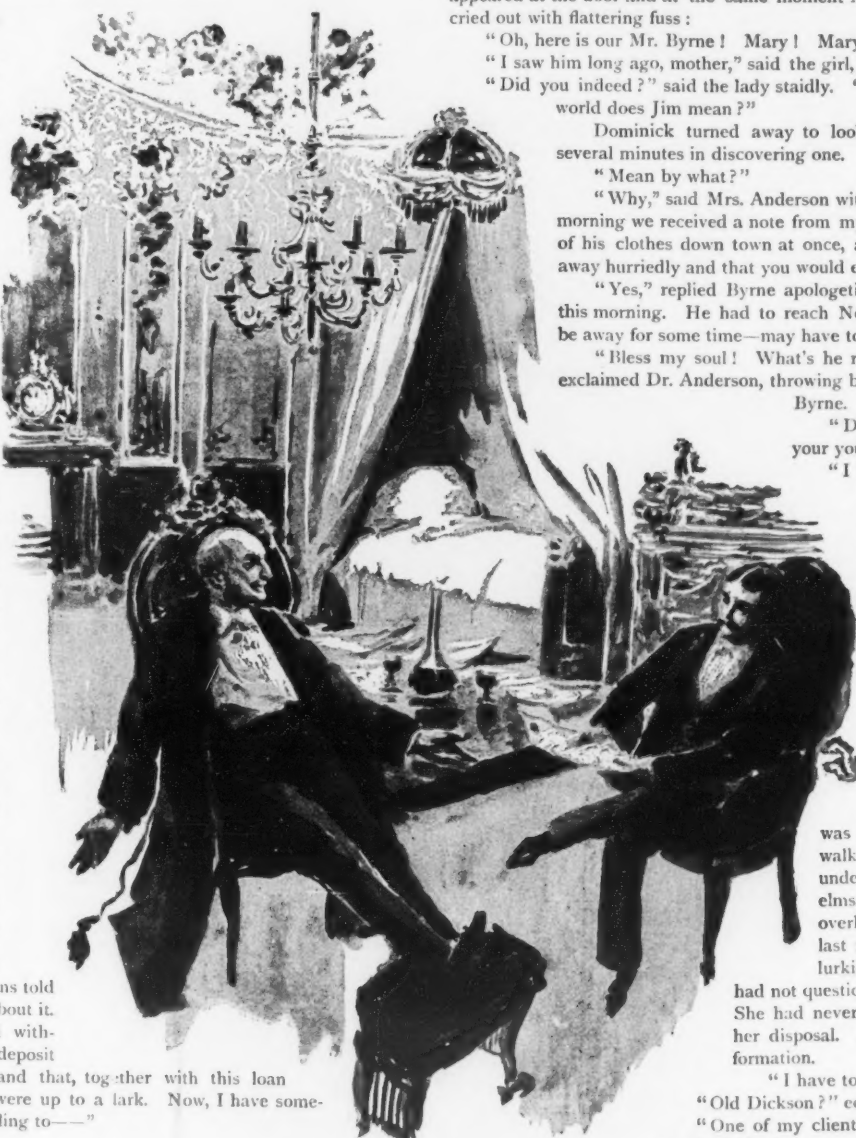
"Such as?" he interrupted good-naturedly.

"I don't know. I care for all of you, but—but I think of late, dear Dominick, you are laying almost, if possible, for my sake chiefly perhaps, of course from no wrong motive, and I understand and indeed admire you for it; so would anyone, and respect you, and—"

"You think of late I am laying—what?"

Dominick waited.

"Too much stress on—"



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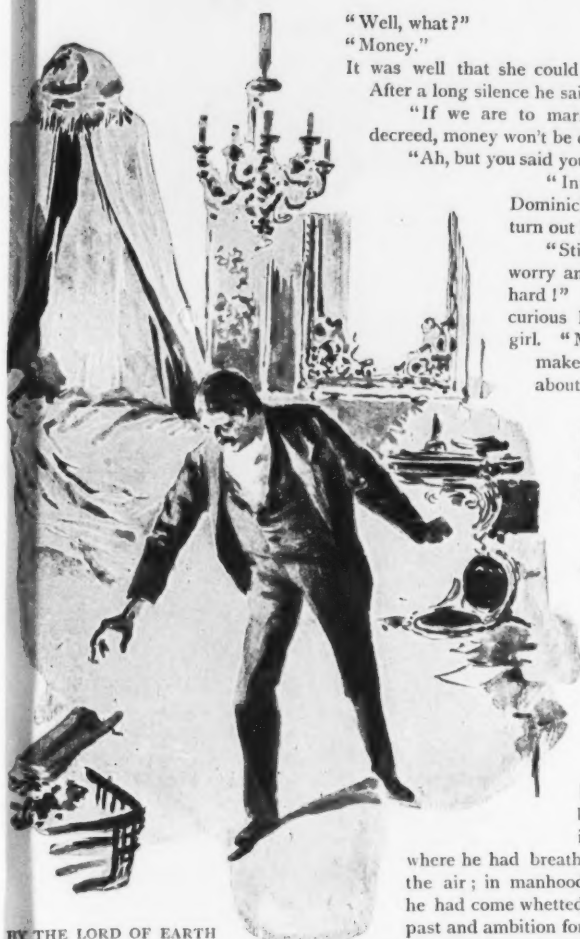
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BY THE LORD OF EARTH
AND HEAVEN I WILL NOT."

"Well, what?"
"Money."

It was well that she could not see his face now. After a long silence he said:

"If we are to marry in January, as you decreed, money won't be out of the way."

"Ah, but you said you had plenty—enough."

"Investments," returned Dominick steadily, "sometimes turn out badly."

"Still, dear lover, don't worry and worry and work so hard!" Again there was that curious hint of passion in the girl. "Money! Nothing can make me trouble myself about that."

"Not while I can prevent it," he remarked, with more meaning than she ever understood.

The days grew quickly into weeks and months, and Dominick Byrne fought his way on, not against sword and musket, but unrecompensed labor, fatigue, disappointment, malice, evil report—the world. He had always been battling—in childhood, in the old Irish home,

where he had breathed in contention with the air; in manhood, in Canada, whither he had come whetted by misfortune in the past and ambition for the future. Friction had not worn him smooth, but had produced a rougher surface. The only soft-

ness in his life had come with Mary. And now she also was bringing him to combat—with himself for an opponent. Bankruptcy was staring him in the face, and it was hard to keep his lips closed when they might have disclaimed it.

He continued to go to Anderson's, but the pleasure of it had almost ceased. The old people had received no word from their son. All information concerning him came through Dominick, and that was slight. At first they had asked to see his letters, but Dominick never had them with him. He reported every week or two that Jim was well, but too busy to write and uncertain of the date of his return.

This reserve and lack of consideration in Byrne deeply offended them, and they could not hide their resentment. Mary made no remonstrance, but he felt her involuntary constraint. After the lapse of two months they began to avoid meeting, and Dominick, pleading business, spent his evenings at the office.

Old Dickson was more unbearable at this time than other people, and as much to be avoided as Mary. Byrne believed him to be demented, for the old gentleman could think and speak only of his young lady. He had renewed her acquaintance and become infatuated with her. Dominick had grown gradually in his affection; she had sprung there in a day. But this was not surprising; it was in his character. Neither knowledge, nor speculation nor invention could foresee Old Dickson's quirks. He roguishly refused to divulge any particulars to Dominick (who, by the way, never asked him to) unless he would consent to make her acquaintance.

"I often speak to her of you, Dominick, and she is growing rather interested in you," he said, his delight increasing with the young man's disgust.

On one occasion he leaned back in his arm-chair, beating time with his withered, irritating fingers on the table, and surveying Dominick declared:

"I'll have you married to my young lady yet."

He did not seem to care what infidelity that might mean.

"Marry her yourself, sir! You are insane enough to do so," exclaimed Byrne, his Celtic blood stirred to fury.

At length he withdrew altogether from his friends and worked desperately, fearing what was to come, unable to prevent it. Mary said he had of late been laying too much stress on money, and this was while he had been striving to circumscribe Anderson and counteract his movements. He had been laying too much stress on money! It was money that was laying stress on him. They are ignorant of the modern meaning of existence, who do not realize what money means. For Dominick it meant now honor involved in crime, his friend in forgery, himself in failure. It meant his own unhappiness, his lover's misery, his friend's disgrace.

It was the twenty-first day of December. The snow covered the city like a

garment and formed the perfect background of all the Christmas show and splendor that filled the wide shop windows. The streets resounded with sleigh-bells and laughing voices, and that genial glow of happiness which Christmas, with snow and evergreens and good-will, arouses, lit up men's hearts and faces.

But in Dominick Byrne's face there was no cheer. He sat in the dusk at his writing-table, unwilling to put his work away. He had ten days more, but twenty times ten would scarcely be enough. To borrow was repugnant to him; he had never borrowed in his life. And yet there was no other resource. This thought was in his mind when he heard a step at the door. He looked up in surprise, for it was after office hours and he expected no one. Through the dim light of the room he saw a man approaching. His gait was cowed and his head sunken. But Byrne recognized him and tried to speak. For a moment his voice was gone.

The man stood before him and stammered out: "I couldn't hold out any longer. I'd rather face everything, prison and all, than scour the world like a rat for a hole."

"Sit down, Jim!" This was all Dominick could manage. Then he made a movement to light the gas, and as suddenly changed his mind. "They'll be glad to see you," he began.

"They'll curse me," broke in Anderson.

"That's a mistake."

There was no hesitation in Byrne's manner, and it arrested Anderson.

"They'll be pleased to hear also," continued Dominick, breathing rather heavily, "that you have been successful with that complicated affair in England."

"In the name of God what are you talking about?" asked Anderson as he staggered to a chair.

"I've heard from you, off and on, and reported it at home. It was business for the firm. It's all right. You'll have to do some apologizing for not writing to them."

He ceased speaking and the two gazed at one another in the twilight. At last he said with an effort: "I suppose money is scarce, Jim, with you?"

"I have none," was the helpless response.

"I asked because I have a note to meet at the end of the month; something I borrowed last summer from Eakins & Gunn. There are other accounts too. The only way you can help me is by being prosperous at home."

"Oh!" groaned Anderson, "this is more than friendship demands, more than—more than—I can't stand this, Dominick!"

"Oh, yes," said Byrne, taking him by the arm, "come to my rooms. I'll rig you out, and then you can get a shave and some grub. Doubtless you need both."

They were proceeding together to the door when a violent knocking began outside. The next moment a telegraph boy thrust in his hand.

"They sent me up to your rooms first, sir; I've been runnin' like the devil."

"You're a new species then," said Byrne, tearing open the telegram.

"Jim," he exclaimed a second after, "you've got to go alone. Old Dickson is dying!" And seizing his hat, without another word he plunged downstairs.

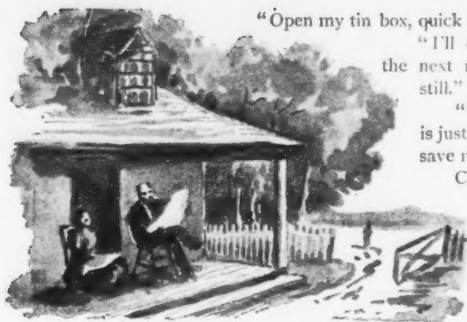
On the broad, pompous bed the old man was stretched, an ugly gray in the fire-light.

"Ah! Dominick," he gasped, with a spasmodic smile, his eyes riveted on the young man's face, "here is the key. Open my tin box, quick!"

"No," Byrne replied gently, "lie still and be comfortable! Think of no one now but yourself!"



"I COULDN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER."



SPECTACLED, NEWSPAPERED AND CONTENT.

hand, let me see it! That was drawn for me some time ago. By that everything large goes to you."

Byrne uttered no word.

"But," he said, struggling to speak, "the other will; give it to me! This was made recently; this is my last will and testament. By this you and my young lady share everything equally—provided you marry her—if not—you get nothing. What will you do?"

Dominick was astounded. There seemed to him in this persistence on the very death-bed something almost diabolical.

He returned bluntly: "Get nothing."

"Very well, my boy, put this back in the box, burn that to ashes!"

He took the papers as they were handed to him and following the instructions exactly, returned one and took the other to the fire.

The old man had fallen back exhausted, with his mouth open and his eyes closed. The room was dark, for the light was burning low and the flames wavered faintly up the chimney. There was silence in the chamber, while the clock swung to and fro the minutes, and there was awe. Life and death were wrestling for one soul, powers more fatal were contending for the other. Dominick stood hesitating. He could save himself now; he could save his friend. He was the master. Injustice had been done him. Conscious of his need, conscious of the old man's clear direction, he threw the will upon the coals. He held himself erect an instant, then with overwhelming condemnation became conscious of himself.

"By the Lord of earth and heaven I will not!"

He sprang back, snatched the paper from the fire and with a kind of mad triumph waved it unburned in the air.

"You gave me the wrong will," he cried, bending over the old man, who was muttering "wife" and "Caroline," as if it were a consolation. Now, for the last time, he glanced up at Dominick with the yearning of a father, the peace of one who blesses, murmuring:

"There is no wrong one; look and see!"

Dominick did not look. He called aloud for help and strove until the end to soften the inevitable pangs of death.

So afterwards his joy was all the greater when he learned that he and Mary Anderson were co-heirs, and she was Old Dickson's Young Lady.



HARD ON MOSQUITOES.

Bighead—We never read that they had mosquitoes in olden times.
Veripert—No. The men of those times wore shirts of mail.

A LAST RESORT.

Mrs. Whittle—My dear, you are surely not going to appear in the pulpit wearing such a loud suit!

Mr. Whittle—Well, I must do something to keep the congregation awake.

ALL THE TOOLS.

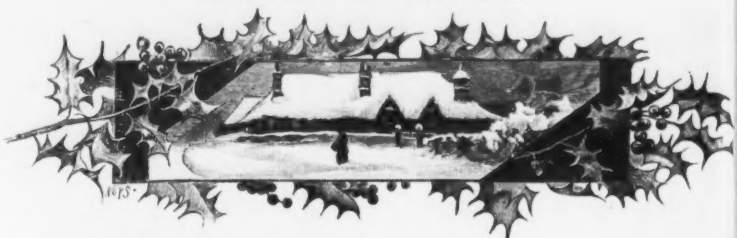
Old Man Gastric—Ah, I can't eat as I used to when I was in the country.
Cynicus—Haven't you still got your knife and fingers?

HOW NICE.

She—I can see myself in your eyes. You are my mirror.

He—I am glad you think so, for I know that you consider it unlucky to break a mirror. I feel assured now that you will draw it mild on drives, concerts, ices and such things.

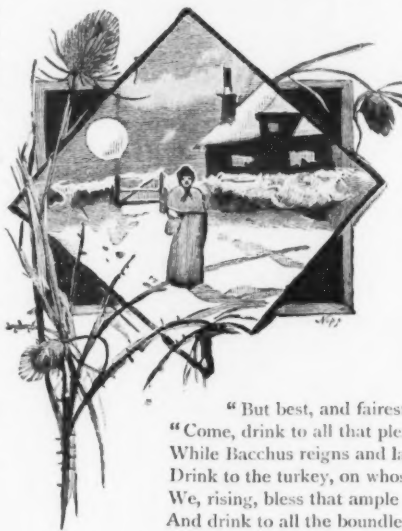
THE VOICE OF DECEMBER.



Out of the North, with locks of white,
Like some avenger come again
Upon his stolen leagues to reign,
December swept by storm at night.
The childless branches sighed in vain;
For with the dawning's tardy light
We saw hoar Winter's legions bright
Encamped upon the plain.

Then laughed December in his glee.

"O many mouths with fear are dumb,
And many faces when I come
Are whiter than my snows!" cried he.
"For chained within my Northern home,
At last I issue, bounding free,
And shriek with might and main to see
My victims' hearts grow numb!"



"And yet, within my setting hoar
Of drifted snows and frozen tears,
A pure and priceless gem appears,
That glows and glistens evermore!
It smiles away the dying year's
False hopes to trusting hearts of yore;
And for the coming, holds in store
A creed of faith, not fears.

"'Tis Christmas' rosy face doth glow
Beyond my intervening sea
Of winds that blow so bitterly,
And rugged wastes of gleaming snow!
'Tis Christmas-time! and let it be
Drunk deep, that every soul may show
That naught but generous feelings flow
To all humanity!"

"But best, and fairest to recall,
"Come, drink to all that pleases most,
While Bacchus reigns and laughter rings:
Drink to the turkey, on whose wings
We, rising, bless that ample roast,
And drink to all the boundless things,—
The pudding, and the matchless host
Of kindly feelings twelve months lost,—
This godlike season brings!"



Is his full joy who holds it worth
His while to bless his little earth
With kindly deeds! whose open hall
Knows naught of stint of cheer, nor dearth!
For deep into his heart shall fall
The music, sweeter far than all,
Of grateful thanks and mirth!"



CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The Ronin's LEAGUE

By Helen Gregory-Flesher.

THIS is the story of The Forty-Seven Loyal Ronins of Japan. It is a semi-historical romance, believed in implicitly by every Japanese, from the Mikado down to the meanest coolie in the realm. It would, therefore, ill become you or me to doubt its most trivial detail. Throughout, native literature allusions and quotations are found, which would be incomprehensible to a reader not thoroughly conversant with this romance. With the usual Oriental love of detail, the Japanese original relates the adventures, both in love and war, of each of the Forty-Seven heroes, but one grand plot is enough for most Western readers, without the Forty-Seven minor ones added to it.

Danjuro, the great Japanese actor, usually produces it in dramatic form at the New Year, when all the resources of the theater are drawn upon for this grand revival. The play requires from three to

five days for its completion, and when we remember that Japanese theaters open at eight a.m. and the play proceeds with short intermissions until six p.m., it will be readily understood that 'The Ronins' is not given oftener than once a year, and that most people find once about often enough to see it. The events of the romance took place, or are supposed to have taken place, in the year 1698, and during the long period of dual government when the Mikados, —the true Emperors—lived at Kyoto in sacred seclusion and high ceremonial retreat, surrounded by all the outward trappings of a supreme sovereign, whose countenance was so holy and divine that common men looking upon it would die, while the Shoguns, or head nobles, nominally holding commission from the Emperors, ruled the country, made treaties or broke them as suited themselves. The Shoguns, however, always treated the Mikados with the most elaborate courtesy and respect.

To begin the story. The Shogun Iyetsune was officially informed that three commissioners were on their way from the Mikado's court at Kyoto to the court of the Shogun at Tokyo, then Yeddo. Of course these commissioners would have to be received by men of highest rank and in strict accord with the most elaborate etiquette. So the Shogun appointed Asano Takumi, Lord of Ako, and Kamei Sama, a noble of equal rank, to receive the envoys, but as these gentlemen knew more of the field of battle than of court etiquette Kira Kotsuke, Master of Ceremonies and Councillor to the Shogun himself, was selected to teach the two nobles the proper conduct of such state receptions.

Takumi and Kamei were both daimyo or lords, but Kira Kotsuke was only an upstart, and though he held such a high and honorable position under the Shogun, did so only because he was a court favorite. He was avaricious, corrupt and greedy, and he considered the presents insufficient which the daimyo gave him in return for his instruction.

The giving of presents instead of direct payment for services rendered was, two hundred years ago, and is yet, a characteristic phase of Japanese life. Some services, such as teaching or instruction in any art or science, are considered of such inestimable value that mere payment cannot efface the debt; coolies and jinricksha men are paid for their work and there is no obligation to them, but a teacher cannot be insulted by such offers, so none are made, but he receives presents instead. Kira, therefore, had the customary presents offered him instead of payment. Deeming their presents not valuable enough, the Master of Ceremonies

treated the daimyo with contempt, and instead of teaching them properly made fun of them and humiliated them. For a time they endured these insults with patience, but Kamei at last became so highly enraged that he determined, regardless of all costs, to kill Kotsuke. That evening when the daimyo returned from the castle after receiving their usual lesson, Kamei called a secret conference of his councillors and announced to them his intention.

The family council is another characteristic phase of Japanese life. None save the poorest and commonest people take any important step without the consent and guidance of the family council. These councillors direct the expenditure of the money of the estate, which is not regarded as belonging to the present head of the clan, but as the property of the family.

So Kamei announced his intention to the council, but would heed no remonstrances. One of them, being a man of discretion, secretly sent Kotsuke a large present of money, representing it as sent by Kamei himself. When the latter went to the castle in the morning, full of his determination to slay Kotsuke and unaware of the councillor's action, he was amazed to find the Master of Ceremonies so humble and flattering that all desire to kill him vanished. Great praise is always awarded this councillor for his superior foresight and care to prevent his master becoming entangled in a serious embroilment.

Kira Kotsuke, being attached to the retinue of the Shogun, the daimyo went to the palace of the latter to receive their instructions, and any brawl within these precincts would result very seriously to all parties concerned.

Now, Takumi's chief councillor, Kuranosuke, was unfortunately absent, three hundred miles from Tokyo, at the Castle of Ako, but when he

heard that Asano Takumi was to receive instructions from Kotsuke he, knowing the latter's character and his lord's fiery spirit, was much troubled, so he sent immediately a letter and a present of money to the two councillors who were with their master in Tokyo, and bade them give the money to Kotsuke from their lord as a present. But these two councillors were stupid, mean, stingy men, and concluding it would be a waste of good money they did not obey Kuranosuke's directions and the present was never sent.

The day the envoys were to arrive, Kamei and Takumi went to the Shogun's castle to receive their last instructions from Kotsuke. Kamei was treated with the greatest courtesy and servility, but Takumi with equal contumely. Finally forgetting himself altogether, the Master of Ceremonies, turning insolently to Takumi, who chanced to be in the room alone with him, said:

"Here, you, my Lord of Takumi, my sock has become untied. Oblige me by tying it for me."

This was almost more than the daimyo could endure, but remembering that this insolent upstart was nevertheless the Shogun's representative, he considered it a positive duty to perform his bidding. Seeing in this act of submission further encouragement to bully, Kotsuke burst out with these words:



From Painting by HOKUSAI.

THE RONINS SETTING OUT FOR KOTSUKE'S PALACE.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS

"How clumsy you are! A regular country boor, unaccustomed to the manners of Tokyo."

This was more than Takumi could endure, so, regardless of all consequences, he cried:

"Defend yourself, Sir Kira Kotsuke! I will no longer bear your insults!" and with these words he drew his sword.

But Kotsuke, trembling with cowardice, stood hesitating and finally tried to flee. Takumi struck at him with his sword, and had it not been for his hempen noble's cap Kotsuke would have been mortally instead of only slightly wounded. Crying for help he turned to escape, when one of his officers rushed in and throwing his arms round the enraged daimyo gave Kotsuke time to get away.

In a few hours Takumi was ordered by the Shogun to withdraw to his residence and consider himself under arrest. In order to indicate to the outside world that the lord of the castle was a prisoner, the servants built a sort of fence of green bamboo before the main entrance.

For disturbing the peace of the palace the daimyo was sentenced to commit hara-kiri, or "happy despatch," upon himself; his estate was confiscated, the clan dispersed and the family name extinguished forever.

The bearers of this message were received with the greatest ceremony, and Takumi then and there, after a few hours' delay, committed suicide.

The stupid councillors were regarded as criminally careless in having failed to prevent the encounter, and its terrible results were looked upon as due to their behavior.

The retainers of the dead daimyo awaited impatiently the news that Kotsuke too had been sentenced to hara-kiri, as the law declares that both contestants must share the same fate. But what was their indignation when they found the Shogun's favorite, though nominally deposed from office, still secretly having honors and emoluments of one sort or another heaped upon him!

Now a strange point arose. By all the laws of chivalry and social etiquette the dead daimyo's death and disgrace must be avenged upon Kotsuke by the retainers and clansmen of Oka. Confucius said, "A man may not sleep under the same heaven with the slayer of his father or lord." If the samurai, the retainers of Takumi, failed to avenge his death they would be forever disgraced and suffer social ostracism. Yet, strange to say, the law strictly forbade and punished with death the exercise of the vendetta, so that the choice lay between death and disgrace, and no Japanese has ever hesitated to choose the former.

Therefore, Kuranosuke and forty-six others of the clan vowed to avenge their lord. Now that there was no longer a head to the clan, all the former "samurai" became "ronins" or "wave men," that is, men who owed no man allegiance and who went about hither and thither as unsettled as the waves of the sea.

Kotsuke expected naturally that the house of Oka would try to obtain revenge and he kept himself secluded and extraordinarily well guarded. The forty-seven Ronins decided to deceive their enemy as much as possible, so they openly disbanded, and Kuranosuke began a life of dissipation. He even divorced his faithful wife, to whom he had been married twenty years. As he was going out one day she humbly presented him with his hat, saying:

"Honorable husband, you have enemies. Pray wear this."

"You talk too much. I shall divorce you and those encumbering young children," was the brutal reply.

The other Ronins followed a similar course of deception. Some entered trade, others engaged as

gatekeepers in Kotsuke's castle. One of them finally obtained a plan of the whole building by marrying the daughter of the architect. Finally Kuranosuke, finding that Kotsuke was lulled into false security, determined that the time to strike had come.

Dividing his party into two companies, Kuranosuke and forty-four of his companions set out upon a terribly cold and snowy night, and were met by the two other Ronins who had entered the service of Kotsuke. These men rowed them across the river and showed them how to enter, then donning their armor, joined the midnight avengers.

A terrible fight ensued, in which the Ronins were victorious, but alas! though all his retainers were dead or dying they could find no trace of Kotsuke himself. Kuranosuke entered the former's sleeping apartment, and putting his hand on the bed-rugs called to his companions.

"The bed-rugs are warm yet, so our enemy cannot be far."

At last he was found hiding in a charcoal cupboard, his white satin night-robe all blackened and stained. Dragging him into the middle of the room, Kuranosuke whistled for his companions in arms, who came rushing in. Then all humbly saluted Kotsuke. Kuranosuke offered him the dirk with which Takumi committed hara-kiri and respectfully invited him to do the same.

It is a truly Japanese idea to invite a man with elaborate courtesy to kindly commit suicide. Kotsuke, however, declined to die like a brave man, and finding their entreaties vain the Ronins despatched him, and taking his head set out to lay it upon the tomb of their late lord in the Sengakuji Temple.

Everyone was now as loud in praise of the loyal Ronins as they had previously been in their condemnation when all the world thought these retainers had no intention of exercising the vendetta.

Despite all this praise and admiration the Ronins were condemned to commit hara-kiri, which they did cheerfully and bravely, having been fully cognizant all the time that this was the law and that it would be carried out.

The graves of the Forty-Seven Heroes are near the monument of Takumi, in the Sengakuji Temple in Tokyo, and the priests reap a harvest once every sixty years, when they hold a grand commemorative festival in honor of the Ronins. Upon these occasions they show scraps of armor, writing-cases, medicine-boxes, etc., all once the possessions of one or other of the Forty-Seven.

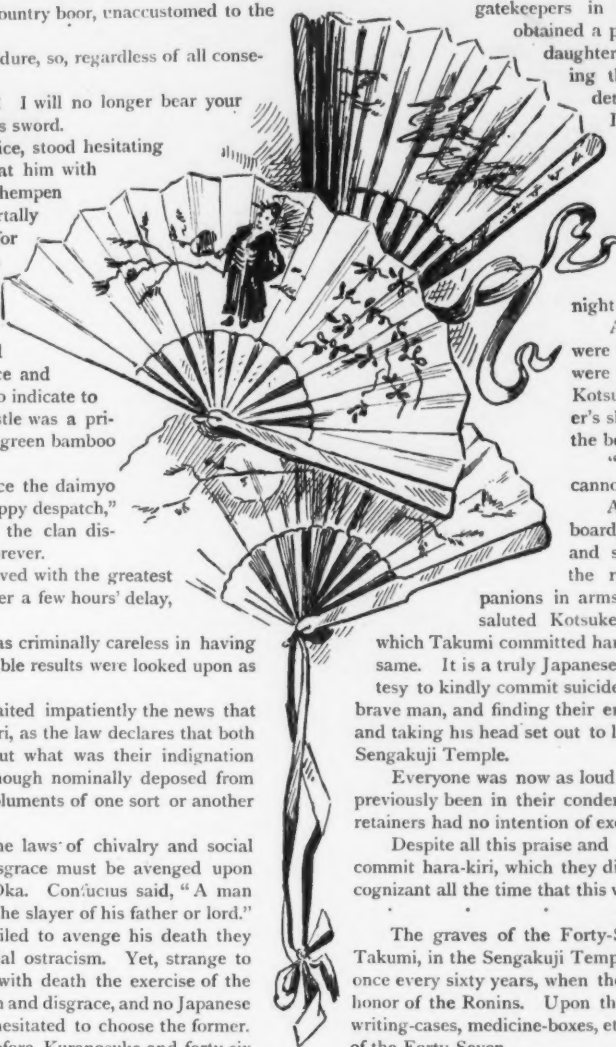
There are to-day forty-eight graves, for shortly after the burial of the heroes, among those who came to pray at their graves was a man belonging to the Satsuma clan, who, saluting Kuranosuke's grave, said: "When I saw you lying drunk in the street one day I thought you had forgotten your lord and I spat in your face as an unworthy retainer. In atonement for that insult I now follow you and beg that I may be buried near you."

Before the spectators could interfere the Satsuma man committed "happy despatch," and the priests in compassion buried him near the Ronins.

The story of the Forty-Seven Loyal Ronins is staged every New Year's at the Royal Theater at Tokyo. It will strike Westerners as peculiar that not a female character is represented in it, there being no actresses in Japan. It is expected, however, that before the present inroad of Western ideas this prejudice will soon give way and actresses will appear in the theaters. The geisha or professional beauties now occupy, in a measure,



KIRA KOTSUKE, WITH THE HEMPEN CAP OF THE NOBLE.



KURANOSUKE, IN THE DISTINCTIVE BROAD HAT OF THE RONIN

their place in the social arena. These are ladies trained from their infancy in all the graces of person and mind, their beauty cultivated and their wit made bright. People of social standing engage one or more of these by the week or month to adorn their homes and edify their guests with classic posings and quotations from the poets. Although there are scoffers who accuse the *geisha* of being immoral, just as there are those in America who regard all women on the stage as immoral, yet it is true of the *geisha* as of actresses, that many of them are the most virtuous of women.

Japanese men have always admired women gifted with wit, poetic facility and sparkling repartee, and in these the *geisha* and the court lady excel. But in such matters it is almost impossible for a foreigner to judge, unless resident in the country many years, owing to the difficulty of communication, for Japanese is one of the most intricate languages in the world. But that there have been Japanese women of great intellect, history plainly proves. When we remember what they have accomplished in literature and in art, that four empresses besides the warrior-empress Jingu ruled Japan with remarkable ability and firmness, not to say brilliancy, we can hardly in fairness assert that

Japanese women are lacking in mental endowment. Native history would show a woeful hiatus if all the names of women were stricken from its pages. Many Japanese women were expert in the use of arms and thoroughly understood the art of fencing, besides the use of the more warlike weapons.

They are devoted wives and mothers, and whether legally married or bound only by some irregular tie, they are faithful and true, adultery being almost unknown among women. There is much the same difference between them and our own women as there was between our great-grandmothers and the men of their day. They have had neither the education nor the advantages of our girls, but every day they more nearly approach the Western standard. Already there is beginning to be as wide a breach between the old-school Japanese woman and the modern native girl as there is between the nineteenth-century American woman and the English girl of the eighteenth century.

To revert to the Ronins. The Samurai woman was as loyal and as brave as her husband or father. In this case when Kuranosuke's wife, whom he had divorced with such apparent heartlessness, learned his true reasons, she thanked the gods for having given her so brave and heroic a husband.



From Painting by HOKUSAI.

THE DEATH OF KOISUKE.



THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

In distant climes, long years ago,
When life was young and heart was stout,
At midnight's hour, across the snow
I heard the Christmas bells ring out;
And brighter grew the sleepy eyes—
With pain kept open!—of the boy;
For then the burden of the cries
Of those sweet bells was Christmas joy.

As years passed on, and nature grew,
I wanted more; I lacked content,
Unless the hearts which strongest drew
My own heart to them, with me went
To share the feast. I needed friends,
Whose fond endearment made joy dear;
And then of all that Christmas sends
I counted best the Christmas cheer.

Hobart, Tasmania.

So passed the years; until one came
Before whose end I met my fate;
And Christmas found my heart aflame
With wistful longing for its mate;
One thing alone in earth below
Seemed good, one thing in heaven above;
And then I heard, with soul aglow,
The Christmas bells chime but of love.

But life was stern, and fate was hard;
My dreams fell from me, one by one;
I found myself from hope debarred
Ere yet hope's summer had begun;
And strained beyond endurance, tried
Nigh to the utmost, when at length
Once more came round the Christmastide,
I craved but one thing—Christ's own strength.

The years went on; I bore the strain;
I filled my place, and did my task;
Until the ache, the long-drawn pain
Familiar grew; nor did I ask
My burden should be made more light,
My soul of sorrow find surcease;
My only cry upon the night
Of Christmas Eve was this—for peace.

Peace! Peace!—it sums up all!—No bliss
Of fiery youth or early prime,
No rapture of soul-melting kiss,
No grandeur of maturer time,
Half so sweet. O silver bells!
Beneath your tidings of glad mirth,
A deeper, tenderer message swells—
God's benediction—"Peace on earth!"

ERNEST HAWTHORNE.



GATHERING GRAPES ON THE RHINE.

Two Old Hunters

By Octave Wheat



HE wust is leaving of the little tricks!" said the man. The woman, who was washing dishes, with a little worn shawl bundled about her hair, turned her tired face, but only to look round the room and sigh. She was an elderly woman, but she would have been comely if time had not washed all the bright tints from her hollow cheeks and her patient eyes. She was narrow-chested and her shoulders stooped. Her hands were small but misshapen with drudgery in all sorts of weather. One could not imagine her laughing, or even smiling; yet she wore a flowered calico and a blue apron both so tidy that she must have felt some pleasure in her own adorning. The man's shirt came from the same piece of cloth as her apron but his trousers were of the dingy clay-brown cotton mixture that is to be seen at every cross-roads store in the South. They were tucked into his bootlegs. He wore a belt in which was a handsome hunting-knife. He was a tall man, and his big thews and sinews showed the better that there was so little flesh to conceal the lines. Like his wife he was clean, which in some parts of the Southwest is enough to give a man an air of distinction. The room, also, with its rough board walls, its rickety table and mean bed, was swept and orderly. There was no dust on the open sewing-machine. A bright fire roared up the crooked fireplace. On the black pine mantelpiece were ranged a tin-type of two children, a mug bearing the inscription, "For a Good Girl," and a boy's top boots. When the woman turned she faced the wall opposite the one window. It was decorated in a grotesque fashion, someone having neatly cut out the wild beasts from a menagerie poster (such as heralds

the coming of all the shows on the blank walls in the Southern rural districts), and pasted them on to a cotton sheet tacked to the wall. They were ingeniously disposed in the semblance of a picture, and if circumstances beyond the artist's wit to overcome had dismembered a few of them, they did not seem to mind it in the least; the three-legged tiger leaped

just as ferociously, and the one-legged little boy was just as cheerfully offering candy to the elephant's stump of a trunk.

The woman's eyes went drearily from the wall to the window and through the window, down the path of a rusted and disheveled garden to two little mounds. They were set side by side, each surrounded by a wall of medicine bottles from which the labels had been carefully washed, and at the head of each mound was a pine cross, painted white but unmarked. The mounds showed the graves of Zed Trainor's children, and the reason the crosses bore no names was that he could paint them himself, but his humble art failing when it came to lettering he had waited two years for someone who could "do letters" to be willing to come and inscribe them.

The Trainors' cabin and cotton fields stood in the great gum woods, two miles from the nearest neighbors, but they never felt solitary; indeed, they rather considered themselves to lead a social and bustling existence, since they were on the high road to the county seat and often saw as many as five teams a day, not counting horsemen, in "pretty weather." To-day the sun was bright, although there was a November bite to the air. The roads were good and half a dozen huntsmen had ridden past on their way to the bottom and a hog hunt. Zed Trainor could see a belated hunter galloping past now, his rifle at his saddle bow. His wife saw him, too. A faint ripple of animation stirred in her face.

"Yon's Cunnel Hamilton, Zed," said she.

A deeper gloom had settled on the man's saturnine features; he plucked at his stubble of gray beard and nodded with a grunt, "Umph, umph."

"Zed, he could help us—mabbe—if you was to beg him—"

"Ayfter the way we done him 'bout the place? Do ye reckon I would ax it of him?"

"It didn't ben you' fault nigh so much as mine. I *wisht* you'd try for to git him lend us the money. 'Tain't only but two hundred eighty-three, intrust and all. And—we could give security; he could take the morgige—"

A dull red crept up to the man's eyes. "He'd reckon he *needed* security—from we all," he said gloomily.

"He mought forgive, seein' you and him ben such side partners oncet. Onyhow, it wouldn't do no harm to try!"

Zed's eyes were glued to his bootlegs as he half growled, half groaned, "I did try. I seen him yistiddy."

"What did he say?"

"Nuthin', sayd he didn't want nare convarsin' with me, he'd sayd all he 'lowed to say, nigh two years ago."

"Oh Lordy! He is right cruel!" cried the woman, but not indignantly, only in a kind of passive despair.

"No, he ain't," retorted Zed firmly, "he is payin' us out fur our meanness. And, you talk 'bout bein' friends, I reckon he done most of the befriending'. He reely got the pension fur me. You sayd as how it looked like ever' mortal critter ever seen a gun in the war ben gittin' of a pension and got me into the notion, but it was him did all the writin's and found out ever'thing, and all that long spell we was waitin' on them big men to Washington—why, goin' on three years it was!—didn't he sell me goods on credit and let me pay ready money to

Means fur the farm, though he told me plain the place warn't worth Means' price? We prommused him faithful if the pension come we'd pay up; and he says, 'If it don't come I ain't going to press ye!' Him a Confederate cunnel, tew! But I never did have sich a friend like him! And all jest 'cause we went huntin' together."

"I don't guess he was ary more friends than you was," interrupted Hitty. "When he run fur Congress didn't you work fur him day and night, and didn't you lick Tobe Hammer—?"

"Nev' mind 'bout that, that warn't nuthin' to brag on; didn't he help me fifty times to my one? I nev' did go into the store he didn't be chuckin' a apple or a orange or bunch of raisins or some candy into my truck I ben buyin', fur to take home to the children, and the handsome presents he done given me. Here's this here knife"—he twisted the knife in his belt, and the sigh through his teeth was harsh like a groan—"you got more'n one cup and sasser and a gownd; and, Hitty, there is some things I don't guess you kin forgit, 'bout when—when—" his voice sank, his eyes stared not at his wife but at the gaudy wall—"you know how it was when the little tricks taken sick, what he done fur us then, and it wasn't so much the heap he done like it was the way he done it! Hitty, you mind the time he holped me paste them on the wall? He sot right thar in the red rockin' cheer and Pearl she lay in the bed, and Billy alongsider her, and she hadn't laffed fur a right smart, but how she *did* laff when he got the elephant on wrong side up!—I cayn't forgit them things."

Hitty sat down in the red chair herself; she threw her apron over her eyes.

The soft, droning voice, with its Arkansas intonations (born in Missouri, Trainor had lived in Arkansas ever since the war and talked like a native) went on relentlessly, "Them coffins we burried our children in, he sold 'em to us, we ain't paid him yit. We prommused to pay when the pension money come, and he 'lowed I was a honest man—" Zed's gray head dropped on his breast with a groan—"Oh, Lord, I 'lowed it, tew!"

"Well, so ye be an honest man, Zed," cried Hitty, lifting her face and wiping the tears from her cheeks. Although he did not seem to see those tears, they moved him. Hitty continued: "We never did keep one cent of the money for ourselves, nor we ain't kept a cent outside sence—"

"No," Zed interrupted grimly, "it are all gone down Means' gullet! We given him all our back pension money to pay fur the land, and we given him all the pension money sence to pay for what we bought at his store and the intrust on what's left on the morgige. Cunnel told me I'd a heap better give the farm back to Means and keep the money. He offered to throw off a power of money on my account, and ayfter I'd paid him I'd of had more'n nine hundred dollars; and he'd of so'd me a farm on long time or rented some of the farms on his plantation to us. He is a mighty good landlord. He would have ben paid and I'd have had a farm; but we paid the mean man and cheated the kind man, and now the mean man has got us by the throat—jest like Cunnel sayd of him!"

"Well, ye know *why* we paid him. It was 'cause he'd of taken the place away from us and there was the childern burried out there in the gyardin'. I would of given up the place and welcome to pay Cunnel Hamilton but I wouldn't give up my childern's graves! You talk 'bout them animiles on the wall, don't ye remember how when little Billy died and we burried him and we hilt Pearl up by the winder to see the burryin'—"

"I remember, it was Cunnel Hamilton hilt her."

"I don't forgit that no more'n you. But she sayd in her little weak voice, 'Maw, when I git to die, you put me right 'longside Billy and the curtain offen the winder so's we uns kin look at the beastis, and you leave 'em on the wall, won't ye?' says she. Do ye remember?"

Zed nodded.

"And do ye remember how she knowed all 'long she ben goin' to die and made us prommus we never would go 'way and leave her and Billy? You talk of prommusin'. I aimed to keep the prommus I made to my babies! You wanted to give that money to the cunnel and let Means take away our home, and you was studyin' and studyin' and walkin' the floor ha'f the night; but I hadn't only the one notion, to stay by my babies. So when Means come I run and got the stockin' 'fore you rightly knowed what I ben fixin' to do, and I given the money to Means and made an end of the troublin'."

"An end of my peace of mind, tew," groaned Zed. "We could of moved the graves, then!"

"We could *not*!" declared Hitty, her thin melancholy pipe rising and breaking. "Don't you be thinkin' it, Zed Trainor. And you ain't got nare reason for repentin' and punishin' of you'seff the endurin' time, 'count of the cunnel; he ain't ben to no great inconvenience for need of that money, great rich man like him! But he went off r'arin' on you, like you'd killed his kin, and ain't nev' parted lips with ye sence—"

"Nor I don't blame him," says Zed stoutly; "'twarn't losin' the money."

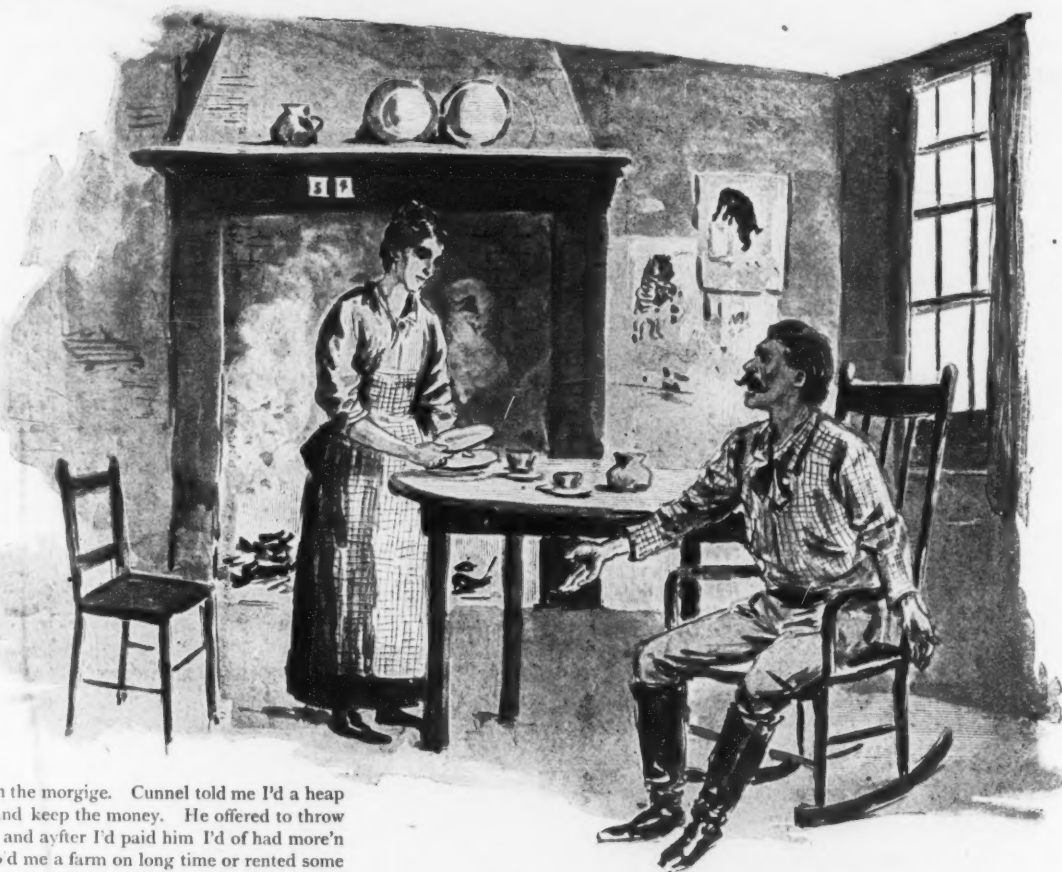
"What else?"

"Dad burn it, cayn't ye onderstand? He lost his confidence in his old friend that he'd holped and comforted and hunted with—he fund out his old friend ben a liar and a mean, pusillanimous, swindlin' fool! And he'll never git over it. And yit here's you axing of me to go and hunt his wild hogs and beg him to lend more money—I won't do it!"

He was marching up and down the room, before the speech ended, misery and shame working the muscles of his face.

Hitty rose silently and proceeded industriously to clear away the dishes on the table.

"How'd I look makin' up to him?" fumed Zed. "I ain't got the everlastin' cheek!"



"HOW'D I LOOK MAKING UP TO HIM?" FUMED ZED.

A click, as the dishes were placed on each other, came from Hitty but not a word.

"He'd tell me I'd fooled him onced but I never could agin—it makes me sick the way he looks at me!"

No answer from his wife.

Zed cleared his throat violently. "Well, I jest won't do it, that's all! I are going to the hog hunt and kill as many hogs as I kin fur him—if they don't drive me off, like's not they will! But I ain't goin' to open my head at him, lessn *he* begins. So there!"

Zed was used to ending by doing his wife's will, but he never surrendered; the enemy might march into the fort but he never hauled down the flag, and Hitty, his wife, never demanded a Roman triumph; she only meekly acquiesced in her lord's decision to let her have her own way.

But she was standing at the window when Zed rode off on the old gray that had carried him to a hundred hunts, and the tears were in her eyes. Zed did not see her because he did not once look back. His heart was shamed and sore within him. Perhaps there was an obscure streak of romance about him, or perhaps his worshipping admiration of Col. Hamilton was that last refuge of vanity into which every human creature, however meagre or squalid his existence, can somehow creep and forget. Ever since his first hunt, more than twenty years ago, with the colonel, he had admired him, fought for him, bragged of him. Zed might be a childless, unsuccessful old man, but he had

the best man and the best hunter in Arkansas for his friend. He, himself, was a mighty hunter, the best hunter except Colonel Edgar Phillips Hamilton (Zed would have told you) anywhere the black buzzards of Arkansas flew. He had a passion for hunting, yet since that bad day when he lost his friend he had never ridden to a hunt. He did not know why. He said he reckoned he "sorter got sickened of killin' critters. 'Sides, he'd got sorter wonted to huntin' with a man, and these here triffin' boys maddened him with their fool ways and missin's!"

To-day as he rode along a crowd of memories of other hunts with Hamilton buzzed about him like a swarm of wasps. He rode over a trail indecipherable had he been less a veteran in wood craft, but well enough he recognized it to be the trail Hamilton and he took the day they showed the New Yorker the big hog rally. That *was* a rally! Twenty hogs killed by the two of them in an hour! The New Yorker had killed no hogs but he had been nearly killed himself, which, Hamilton said—Cunnel was full of his fun as a wild hog

offight—waseven more exciting.

It was the New Yorker who gave Zed his rifle, "a right, nice, pleasant gentleman, though he didn't know nary 'bout huntin'."

Another time—"Dad burn it, how come I got



to remem-berin' them good times when I dassn't look him in the face!" swore Zed in anguish. "Git up you fool hoss! That's him, ahead."

He was now in the vast cane brake of the river bottoms where hide the runaway hogs that have become wild, a shelter and a food-bearing country at once. To his left lay a cypress slash darkling under the shade of the low cypress branches. The shadow of a horseman wavered among the fern-like etchings on the black water. Zed eyed him hungrily, the stout, erect figure in the shabby brown hunting-coat, the bold profile with the black mustache and the iron-gray curls under the soft hat brim, the rifle he carried, the horse he rode, the ugly hound trotting at the horse's heels.

"Oh, Lord, Lordy," moaned Zed, "don't he look plumb natural!"

The horseman rode on, whistling, and Zed rode behind him, feeling strangled. He made half a dozen false starts before he got his horse alongside the colonel's bay mare.

"Howdy, Cunnel, m—mighty pretty weather," stammered Zed over the lump in his throat.

The colonel gave him a deadly stare, but if we shoot our enemies in the Southwest we don't cut them; he nodded after the stare.

"Say, Cunnel, reckon you got it straight 'bout the way 'Squire Means would do me," says Zed, forcing a sickly grin. "Notice of sale in the papers."

The colonel uttered an enigmatical grunt; he would not glance at Zed's sorry figure; perhaps he didn't care to risk its appeal to his compassion, for the colonel had a warm and testy heart. But he stared, in spite of himself, at the gaunt brown hands on the reins and the thumbs rubbing restlessly at the leather. He knew Zed could never keep his hands still when he was excited or embarrassed.

"You—you—ain't seeking a right good fust morgige fur two hundred and eighty-three dollars? Ten per cent."

"No, sir, I ain't," said the colonel.

"Well, I—I didn't reckon you was, but I 'lowed I'd jest ax ye. Good mornin'."

Zed turned his horse to ride back, but instead of riding back he pulled Gray Pete on his haunches and cried in a loud tone, "By gum, Cunnel, they're comin' a-flyin'!"

Clear and near, a sound that had been growing all the while pealed through the dry air, a sound to make a hunter turn in his grave, the baying of hounds and the mellow call of the horns.

The colonel turned like a flash, he swung his rifle across his arm and slid the left hand along the barrel.

"Best wait right here," said Zed.

No long waiting—louder and louder swells the alarum of the hunt. Now the cane sways and bends; panting and grunting the swine rend their way through. "Too much holler fur wild pigs!" observes Zed quietly, then he utters a loud exclamation; he stares at the one silent boar racing past. The others run squealing and clamoring; they are fat and scant of the breath which they so recklessly waste in outcry. A generation back at furthest they were rooting under fences, but the long, sharp-backed, huge-headed, scimitar-tusked, wicked-eyed assassin that lopes in the van—he is savage, every drop of his blood—has fled and fought and slain all his ravening days, like his ancestors before him. Running he gives a clear profile to the hunters and they can see that one of his tusks is broken to a jagged point.

"It's Old Bouncer, sure's death," shouted the colonel. "Can you get a sight on him? All the pigs on earth are between him and me!"

Old Bouncer was a famous boar that had once killed a man. Zed groaned to see that he was behind a bulwark of a dozen fat hogs. It would only be wasting a shot. Simultaneously both hunters dashed forward at the pigs for a better position. The hunt swept through the trampled path made by the hogs. A volley of shots tore gaps in the black ranks, but neither Zed's nor the colonel's rifle added a note. Let the others shoot the pigs; they had promised themselves too often to fasten Bouncer to the chain, to miss their chance. The dog ran ahead, Bouncer and two other pigs had made a sharp swerve to the right, and the wise old hound was after them. Zed and the colonel beat the cane down with their horses' breasts. They could see neither dog nor hogs for the green waves.

"Plumb sure it *was* Bouncer, Zed?" calls the colonel. He had forgotten everything except the hunt. You see they had been hunting old Bouncer for four years; there was the blood of half a dozen slain dogs as

well as poor Tim Can-ning on his head; he would charge on a horseman and slash a horse; he was the strongest, fiercest, swiftest fighter in the woods. The colonel would give his fists full of money to kill him!

"Plumb sure, Zed?" he cried. And Zed answered, "Plumb. I seen the broke tusk of him and the white tuft on his head."

Now, it happened that the boar was not only the wickedest but the schemiest brute in Arkansas. Presently, when the horses had toiled through the cane brake to the dogs and the pigs, lo! only two half-grown pigs and a restless, howling, agitated hound! The big boar seemed to be taken from the face of the earth.

"Pat, you old idiot," roars the colonel at the dog, "you've run past him!"

It is a trick of the wild hog to hide in the cane. They will lie so still that the very dogs are deceived and after sniffing about the place of hiding will run on and leave it.

"But I wouldn't have thought it of *you*, Patrick," sighs the colonel, while Pat waggles a dejected and slinking tail. Zed, who is standing up in his stirrups, studying the landscape, gives a whistle of hope and points; at the same second

the dog makes a break for a little glade, free from cane. Instantly, with one accord the men follow.

They galloped into the glade. True enough, there ran old Bouncer. He turned his big head and gave the hunters a lightning glance, then swung his lank bulk behind a fallen tree. Off behind the tree was a company of pigs. At the hunters' approach the pigs made a dash for the tall cane and the river. No less than three great boars were visible, pounding over the dried grass.

"Yonder he goes!" shouted the colonel, pushing his bay mare to the left, after one flying black shape.

"That's him!" yelled Zed, making for the right, after another.

Pat, the dog, had a third opinion and dove straight down the middle distance.

Both men halted at the first good sight of the boars; both men fired. Both boars dropped.

"Got him?" called the colonel.

"Got him?" shouted Zed back.

They had each shot a magnificent black boar, but neither boar was Old Bouncer. Meanwhile Pat, having left all the hogs, was crackling among the cane.

Zed flung himself on to his horse—they had dismounted—with a disgusted, "Cotch me bein' wiser'n a dog another time! I are ayfter old Pat!"

Not far away they could hear the crash of firing and the wild baying of the hounds. The hogs had rallied and the hunters were shooting them down. Wild hogs, really the "gamest" brutes, with the possible exception of the grizzly bear, that we have to hunt, will run until overtaken; then, as if to show that they ran out of no terror of their foes but purely to avoid the bother of a fight, they will turn at bay, and with never a sound save the clash of their teeth they will fight until the last hog is killed.

Yelps of dogs, wounded in the *melee*, pierced the din of shots and cries and barks, and another sound resembling the clatter of weird castinets rose above the yelps; that was the grinding of the hogs' teeth!

Col. Hamilton half swerved in his seat—not, however, drawing rein. "They have met up with another crowd, wild enough, over there," said he. "Say, Zed, it would be a pity to lose that pretty fight and have Old Bouncer fool us ayfter all, hay?"

"Old Bouncer may fool us but he cayn't fool old Pat agin!" said Zed doggedly.

"All right," said the colonel, bending over his horse, which seemed to feel the contagion of his thought, for she curved her beautiful neck and the muscles in her shoulders and flanks swelled in a new burst of speed. Presently they could see Pat; ahead of him a black boar was racing like a deer. He ran directly to the river. He reached the narrow stream—it was not the Black river but a tributary stream hardly of size enough to merit the name—and plunged in, the dog and hunters swimming after him. Both horses were in good wind and swam easily. They lost ground, but the dog gained.

"I hope Pat won't be a fool and tackle him before we get up," said the colonel anxiously. "I've got a fair sight on him, out of range of Pat, and I've a mind to let her talk!"

"I'd hate mightily for to have him sink and not git him," said Zed.

"So'd I; it's all that's saving his life, confound him! Say, Zed, sure as you're born it is Old Bouncer! Look at him going spang up the steepest part of the bank, 'cause he knows it will phase our horses, though he has to swim a right smart further! Ain't another hog living with such a long head!"

Up the steep bank scrambled the crafty Bouncer, giving the two hunters only the angle of his spine for a mark, because he found a safe passage through a kind of gully. Nevertheless Zed did fire, but to no effect apparently. Pat leaped up the bank by the same road.

The hunters took an easier ascent; the bank was steep enough at best, thereabouts.

Midway, a furious barking announced that the intrepid Pat had tackled the boar. And with the barking came the click of that ominous castinet!

Now, indeed, they hurried; now the horses, responding to their riders' cries, toiled fiercely at the slippery, clogging clay bank.

A yelp of pain from Pat! Another! The colonel groaned, "He'll finish the dog and light out before we can climb this cussed bank! Hi, girl! Up with you!" The mare made a desperate effort and the next instant the bank caved with a slump and a thud.

Zed had a kaleidoscopic glimpse of hoofs in the air shaking yellow mud, of a man's arm clutching and rifle barrels flashing; he felt a horrid nausea of upheaval and he gripped the branch of a thorn tree overhead, swinging free, while poor Gray Peter slipped crashing down the slide. In another moment he had swung himself to the firm ground. Below on the river edge Gray Peter, having righted himself, stood unhurt but sorely astonished. Col. Hamilton was sputtering out of the river and staring about for his rifle, and the mare had gotten to her feet and, trembling and wet, was casting an anxious eye upward.

"First knock down for Old Bouncer," bawls the colonel. "Zed, can you do anything? My rifle has gone plumb out of sight!"

"Try," answers Zed concisely. His own rifle has gone too, but he draws the knife from his belt and strides straight up to the writhing heap out of which first Pat's head and then the boar's swing into sight. It was the hog that attacked and the hound that eluded, this time. Pat snapped at the boar's ears and nimbly dodged his onset, but he was bleeding from half a dozen gashes and his blood-shot eyes glowed with a despairing appeal. "Good pup! good Pat!" called

Zed, and flung himself on the boar, knife in hand. The dog collected all his failing strength in a last charge, and catching Old Bouncer's ear pulled the head over for the space of a knife thrust, which the old hunter drove for his life. If the blow failed, little chance that Hitty would ever manage him again!

Yet he had not been so happy in three years as when he risked his life on that one good blow, full and strong and swift home to the hilt on the left side of the matted black breast. The boar flung his tusks in air, the blood spurted from a mortal wound, but with amazing strength he made a death rally. He flung his hideous scimitars at his assailant. Zed leaped aside and the brute rolled over dead. Pat instantly bore witness that he was still alive in circles of exultation and the shrillest of barkings, and so covered Zed with gore, leaping on him with frantic caresses, that when the colonel got to the scene he thought the hunter was wounded.

"Ain't you hurt, Zed?" he kept saying. "Are you *sure* you ain't hurt?"

The boar was undoubtedly Old Bouncer, and in less than an hour he was traveling over the same road at the end of a chain, having been carried over the river in a boat. Pat, nearly bursting himself with peals of triumph, trotted in the rear.

"Well, this is something like, old friend, isn't it?" said the colonel. "You and me and the old dog all on the hunt together again—thunder, I plumb forgot!"

"What? you'r rifle? I got it here with mine," said Zed.

"No, sir; I forgot what a rascal you were, Zed, and what a meanness you did me!"

"I plumb forgot it myself, Cunnel," said Zed dismally, "and yit, I never did forgit it tell this here day. You'r right, I did do you terrible mean and I are gittin' my pay for it now."

"I forgot another thing too, Trainor. I do want to buy a mortgage—a mortgage of about two hundred and eighty-odd dollars—oh, shut up; two old fellows like you and me cayn't afford to bear malice. Zed, when I saw you jump in to save old Pat, ly—it fairly wiped the whole d— foolishness out of my head! I tell you it's no use, a fellow that can hunt like you, I have got to forgive him! Shake, old man, put it there!"

Zed grasped the outstretched hand with a sob. The whole story bubbled out of his remorseful and grateful soul as water bubbles up when a well is struck. "Hitty knowed best when she kep' at me to git me to go to this here hunt, the Lord have mercy on it," he gurgled between the coughs and blowing of his nose that his emotion required, "and I won't—no, sir, I won't gredge tellin' her so!"

He could not read the future nor behold how he was to come out a free man, the old debts all paid, in two good cotton years; but I doubt, knowing that simple and loyal nature, whether he would have been much happier than he was, riding homeward, with the famous Old Bouncer dragging at their heels and his recovered hero, joking him and telling hunting stories, at his side.



"AIN'T YOU HURT, ZED?"
HE KEPT SAYING.

THE EXODUS TO

CENTERVILLE

BY MARJORY
MACMURCHY

try to pass. It is one thing not to read your work and be plucked—that shows lofty contempt for low ideals; it is quite another to study hard and fail—that tends to indicate weakness of intellect.

There was yet another reason. The young lady who had been fatal to Arthur's concentration that winter was Miss Julia Marchmont, who was also a student at the University. Unlike Arthur, Miss Julia was ambitious. Besides, she had to assist in the vindication of her sex. Men

have been attending universities long enough to establish their status there as a class. On the other hand, it is a comparatively new pursuit for women and when one of them fails the world is inclined to doubt not only the capacity of the individual but that of the sex. A short time before William Trent, M.P., had insisted on Arthur's devoting his remaining time to study, Miss Julia had retired from the world in company with a young lady who had been more plentifully endowed with brains than with money. Arthur rightly felt that it would be incongruous for Miss Marchmont to succeed while he failed.

Centerville boasted one hotel, the best private room of which Mr. Hobbes selected as a study. Here of mental culture which he ing. Arthur at the best of When therefore he saw the Julia Marchmont disapparcottage, it was absolutely there was no one to tell but Mr. Hobbes. During the course of the conversation Arthur suggested the following theories: Had Julia come to Centerville knowing that he was there? Mr. Hobbes thought this unlikely, but it was evidently a favorite with Arthur. Had Arthur's father, approving of their fond attachment, chosen Centerville to bring matters to a climax? Mr. Hobbes distinctly refuted this. Well, then, what was it? It couldn't have been accident, such accidents happened only in stories. Mr. Hobbes was inclined to think that it might have been accident, but Arthur preferred his own opinion and flattered himself that Julia had chosen Centerville because he had.

Meanwhile Miss Marchmont confided to her private tutor that Arthur, madly infatuated, had followed her to Centerville. Miss Katharine

WILLIAM Trent, M.P., was ambitious for his only son Arthur, who attended the University when he could spare time from more agreeable engagements. There were so many things to occupy one's attention while at the University that Ar-

thur could do little more towards his father's ambitions than tolerate them. His time was taken up in making things pleasant for a number of young ladies and maintaining a social reputation among his fellow-students. Altogether it was not surprising that Arthur found himself totally unprepared for the

pressing necessities of the examinations when the time of trial drew near. He suggested to his father the advisability of dropping a year. William Trent, M.P., had old-fashioned ideas on education. He had not himself attended the University but he had always understood that a course of four years there was sufficient. Being a gentleman of considerable business capacity he immediately engaged a tutor of high reputation and instructed him to take Arthur to some quiet country village where the entire time should be spent in acquiring knowledge. In conclusion Mr. Trent remarked, "You will not find the boy stupid, Mr. Hobbes; all he wants is concentration, but avoid young women. I have found young women fatal to any concentration on Arthur's part." Oliver Hobbes, master of arts, knew very little about young ladies but he had met with cases in which Arthur's peculiar difficulty existed.

The Rev. John Cobham, a former classmate of his, resided in the hamlet of Centerville, which he described as the most tranquil spot in existence. Thitherward Mr. Hobbes directed his steps. His pupil by this time had reached a state of mind bordering on resignation. Extraordinary as it may appear, Arthur was beginning to feel some desire to pass the approaching examinations. After all it was the usual thing to do, and since he had to study he might as well



SHE WAVED THE SCARF WITH A ROMANTIC AIR WHEN HE PASSED

Williams, for such was the young lady's name, was considerably discomposed by this piece of information and represented to her pupil with great earnestness that they had come to Centerville to study and that the time at their disposal was short enough without being further curtailed by the presence of a disturbing element. Miss Marchmount quite agreed with Miss Williams, and assured her that she did not intend taking the slightest notice of Arthur Trent. If people insisted on falling in love with one while one was preparing for an examination, they would have to take the consequences. Thus it happened that these two ardent young persons were in the same village more than a week before they had an opportunity of speaking to each other. Mr. Hobbes and Miss Williams were inexorable and kept their pupils at it early and late. True, Arthur had fallen into the habit of going for a walk before breakfast and Julia kept a crimson scarf on the window sill which she waved with a romantic air when he passed.

Mrs. Cobham, the mother of the Rev. John, was an old lady who took no chances about missing the angel unawares by neglecting to entertain strangers. It entered her kind heart that it would be singularly appropriate to ask the young people who were so assiduous in pursuit of an education to tea at the parsonage along with their respective tutors. Miss Julia Marchmount was a singularly attractive young lady and Arthur's open, handsome face won his way into most women's hearts, especially when they reflected, as Mrs. Cobham did, that his own mother never had had a chance of telling him what a fine fellow he was.

The gentlemen accepted Mrs. Cobham's invitation without a moment's hesitation. It was evident that not only Hobbes was anxious to go. Perhaps the interested in the young lady of whom Arthur continually. Not so with the ladies. Julia tell the truth, Julia had reached the point she must have a little relaxation or the consequence would be disastrous. Miss Marchmount tomed to a good deal of attention and she felt the lack of it keenly. Miss Williams was doubtful. She had had some experience of young ladies and gentlemen singly and otherwise, and it struck her that tea at the parsonage was a dangerous experiment. Miss Williams, however, was but human and felt the need of a little relaxation herself. In the end they went.

What a sight Julia Marchmount presented as she entered the parsonage drawing-room! Arthur, rising from the most comfortable chair in the room, was pierced through the heart at the sight of her beauty. There had been nothing to fire Julia's ambition lately, but this was an opportunity and she wore her newest gown. It is a high testimony to the greatness of Miss Williams' soul that she watched her pretty pupil's triumph with an amused delight in which there was not a trace of malice. She conversed with Mrs. Cobham while Arthur and the Rev. John vied with each other in their attentions to Miss Marchmount. Oliver Hobbes, M.A., one of the most polite men in the world, paid a suitable amount of attention to his hostess and her other guest, who said little but viewed the proceedings with kindly eyes.

"I've had a lovely time, Miss Williams," Julia said after the gentlemen had left them at their gate. Arthur and the Rev. John had walked home one on each side of her while Mr. Hobbes escorted Miss Williams. "I am sure we will be able to do twice as much work to-morrow after our pleasant little evening."

On the contrary, they had never experienced such difficulty in getting to work as they did next morning. Miss Marchmount had to explain that although she liked Arthur very much he was too young to be taken seriously. Then naturally she wanted to know just what Miss Williams thought of Arthur now that she had seen him. This Miss Williams gently discouraged, and about eleven o'clock they were getting fairly started when the lady that owned the two-story cottage informed Miss Williams that Mrs. Cobham wished to see her. Such an announcement was rather startling and Miss Williams' cheek flushed as she came downstairs. Mrs. Cobham's manner indicated that the nature of her errand was serious.

"My dear, I am old enough to be your mother, so you mustn't mind if I give you a little advice."

When old ladies take young ones by the hand and looking at them kindly

but gravely say that they are going to give them a little advice, the subject under discussion may be a pleasant one but unfortunately for the young ladies it seldom is.

Mrs. Cobham went on to say to Miss Williams that she had been put in charge of a very lovely, very charming girl, but had she quite realized what a responsibility she had undertaken? In a couple of hours last night Mrs. Cobham had discovered what no one else had apparently suspected, that Arthur and Julia were deep in love with each other, poor, dear children. How would Miss Williams like to wake up some morning and find them married? What would she say to Julia's mother then? Miss Williams did not know the feelings of a mother but she, Mrs. Cobham, did and so could not stand quietly by and see this happen. Mrs. Cobham advised them to return to the city at once. She then kissed Miss Williams warmly and departed, reminding her that if she had not taken a deep interest in them all she would never have said a word.

Had Miss Williams been a young lady of less strength of character she would have wept after Mrs. Cobham's departure; as it was, she kept Miss Julia at her books all day in a most unsympathetic manner. She did not even take Mrs. Cobham's advice but preferred, for reasons of her own,

writing to Mr. Hobbes and informing him of Mrs. Cobham's discovery. She suggested that the best plan would be for Mr. Hobbes and Arthur to return to the city, as she feared they had been unwise in selecting Centerville. This letter Mr. Hobbes answered at some length, regretting that Miss Williams should have been distressed and strongly deprecating any change in their original plans. He concluded by saying that he was pretty well acquainted with Arthur's mind and he believed that any such idea as a runaway marriage had never entered it. He considered that a retreat would only put foolish ideas into the young people's heads, but of course if Miss Williams insisted his only course was to obey.

Miss Williams was greatly puzzled but she decided to wait for a few days and informed Mrs. Cobham of her decision, which Mrs. Cobham did not consider at all wise. During the interval Miss Williams kept Miss Julia suitably employed.

Needless to say, Mr. Hobbes performed a like kind office for Arthur.

Meanwhile the editor of the local paper, hoping to increase its meagre circulation, had sent copies containing a flattering account of the promising young students to their respective parents. It wanted but a week of the examinations when William Trent, M.P., opened the inoffensive-looking marked copy and received a shock, as he himself afterwards said, Mrs. Marchmount also received a shock and both the outraged parents acted on their first impulse, which, extraordinary to relate, was the same. The east-going train that afternoon bore them in the direction of Centerville. The stage discharged them both at the door of the hotel, where Mr. Trent's stern enquiry for Mr. Hobbes revealed to Mrs. Marchmount the identity of her fellow-traveler. They were shown to adjoining rooms. Mrs. Marchmount being a lady of an excitable temperament did not choose to listen to any men discussing her daughter. She left her room and knocking sharply on the door of the other walked in just as Mr. Trent was demanding if Mr. Hobbes considered it part of his duty to bring about a marriage between his son and Miss Julia Marchmount.

"Would you be good enough, sir, to leave my daughter's name out of this discussion."

"I know nothing of your daughter, madam," returned William Trent, M.P., somewhat testily.

"My daughter is Miss Julia Marchmount and I can answer for her that she would never dream of marrying your son. She is at present engaged in preparing for an examination under the care of a most estimable young lady, Miss Katharine Williams, B.A."

Mr. Hobbes bowed respectfully to Mrs. Marchmount. "My dear madam, you are quite right; nothing could exceed the industry of these ladies. Your daughter and this gentleman's son have met but once, and that in the house of the English Church clergyman. I beg that you will discharge any such idea from your mind, sir."

At this juncture the door opened and Arthur walked in.

"I knocked but couldn't make anyone hear. How are you, father?" Glancing round the room he saw Mrs. Marchmount and gathered from the expression of her face that their love affairs





SHE GLANCED UP AT HIM QUICKLY.

Williams and Mrs. Cobham also entered.

"Well, mamma, what is the matter? Hadn't you better come over to the cottage with us?"

Miss Julia spoke with composure but meeting Arthur's eye she blushed, and the two young people recognizing that all the trouble was about them felt very much in love indeed.

"I came down to see you, Julia. I was wearying for a sight of you, my love." Mrs. Marchmont glanced defiantly at Mr. Trent, who wasn't to be abashed and looked as if he wanted something explained.

All this time the Rev. John Cobham was urging Mr. Hobbes in a low voice to "Speak up, my dear fellow; it's the only thing to do. I'll stand by you." Mr. Hobbes seemed reluctant, but after engaging Miss Williams in a short private conversation appeared to consent.

"If I might be allowed to interfere," said the Rev. John, blushing in a youthful manner, "the whole difficulty, if there is any, lies in one point, why was such an unimportant place as Centerville chosen by both parties?"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Trent, "the very thing. Why did everybody come to Centerville?"

"Mr. Hobbes," said the Rev. John, "has an explanation to offer which, I am confident, will satisfy everyone."

Julia, blushing gloriously, looked shyly at Arthur. She knew why he had come. Arthur was more convinced than ever that his theory was the right one. Mrs. Cobham gazed at them both with fond sympathy. Miss Williams looked at no one till Mr. Hobbes took her hand, when she glanced up at him quickly.

"This lady," he said, looking at her with evident pride, "has promised to be my wife. At my urgent request she brought Miss Marchmont to Centerville, where I afterwards came with your son, sir. It had not occurred to me that the young people would know anything about each other, and, if I may make the remark, their acquaintance has had no opportunity to become more intimate here. I chose Centerville because it is the home of a dear old friend of mine who has promised to marry us. We said nothing about it to anyone for the reason, I suppose, that we thought it concerned no one but ourselves."

He said all this with an air of frankness and modesty and the Rev. John nodded his head in vigorous approval.

It was something to see the amazed wonder dawn in Julia's eyes and spread over Arthur's face. The possibility of any love affairs but their own causing the exodus to Centerville had never entered their heads. The idea of anyone being in love with Miss Williams! Julia was speechless.

It took a moment for the married ladies to comprehend the situation, but when they did it came with a rush. Rapid as Mrs. Cobham was, Mrs. Marchmont reached Miss Williams before her.

"My dear Miss Williams, is it possible? I am so very glad," she exclaimed, embracing her with considerable force of impact.

"You naughty child! The idea of your knowing all the time and letting me say such things to you!" cried Mrs. Cobham, pressing Miss Williams' dark head to her motherly bosom.

By this time Julia had recovered herself sufficiently to add her congratulations to those of the others, realizing at the same time that Miss Williams in love was a very handsome person.

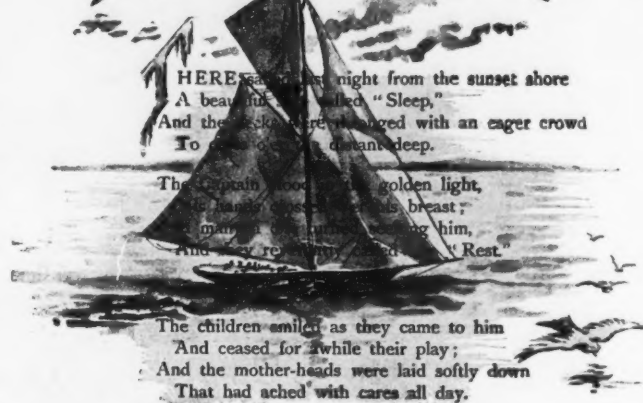
"My dear fellow," cried Mr. Trent, wringing Oliver's hand, "when is it to be? Saturday? Why not to-morrow? We would all like to be present."

And to-morrow it was, in St. Angel's by the Way, Centerville, where Mr. Trent gave away the bride and fell so in love with weddings that it is believed his consent will be obtained before either Arthur or Julia gets a degree, if they ever do, which Julia's mamma now thinks very unlikely.

were at last attracting the attention they deserved.

Meantime Mrs. Cobham had heard from a neighbor of the arrivals at the hotel, and despatching her son to act as peace-maker she herself hastened to prepare the ladies for the advent of Mrs. Marchmont. But Julia no sooner heard that her mother was at the hotel than she insisted on joining her. Miss Williams went with her, as in duty bound, and Mrs. Cobham's anxiety would not allow her to remain behind. So it happened that before Arthur had recovered from his confusion the Rev. John Cobham knocked at the door, and while Mr. Hobbes was explaining who he was Miss Julia, Miss Wil-

A. Voyage.



HERE came the night from the sunset shore
A beautiful "Sleep."
And the vessel was charged with an eager crowd
To sail on the distant deep.

The Captain took the golden light,
He kissed his wife's breast;
And they were off to sea,
And they were off to sea.

The children smiled as they came to him
And ceased for while their play;
And the mother-heads were laid softly down
That had ached with cares all day.



Till a shout rang out o'er the distant deep,
O'er the waters wide and dark,
"There is land in sight! we are bound for it,
With all souls aboard our barque."

Then the babes woke up with a joyful cry,
For the sun was ablaze once more;
And the Captain landed his thankful crew
All safe, on to-morrow's shore.

K. WHEELER.

JIM.

Azrael stood at the gates of light,
Preening his wings for an earthward flight.

'Tis his to stand on the fateful strand
Of the river of life which rolls
Its burdened tide of human pride
And its flotsam of weary souls.
For he is the breath which men call death,
The disposer of men and things,
And the shadow vast o'er life's waters cast,
Is thrown from his raven wings.

In a lonely hut on the prairie wild
A mother knelt o'er her dying child.

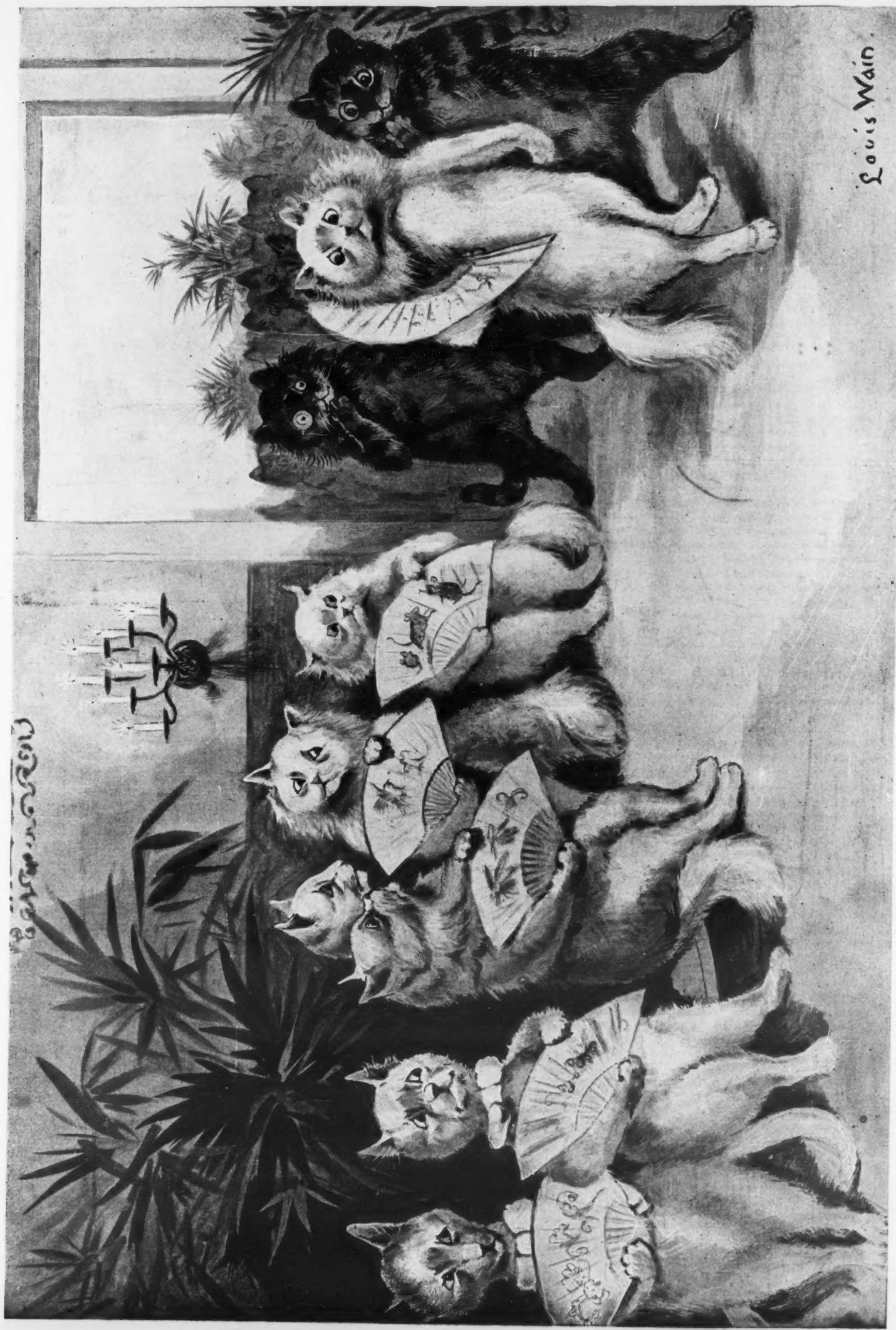
And she watched the shadow steal o'er his face,
And the light in his hazel eyes grow dim,
And she prayed the prayer to the throne of grace:
"O Father of Mercies! spare my Jim."
But Azrael swept thro' the vaulted night
And bore her Jim to the gates of light.

To the maidens nine in the light divine
Of Juno's halls he bore him,
And laid him there, all white and fair,
While the nine bent fondly o'er him;
And the light from an angel's glittering wings
Passed over the face of the child,
And he opened his eyes to glorious things,
But he neither cooed nor smiled,
But cried as only a child can cry
For his mother to come to him;
And they said she was coming by and by
To cuddle her little Jim.
Then each in turn, in his wild unrest,
Would press him close to her vestal breast.

But nor angel song, nor angel kiss,
Nor aught that one of the nine could do,
Could comfort Jim in that land of bliss,
For the loss of his mother, the fond and true;
So Azrael sped thro' the twilight dim
To fetch his mother to little Jim.

GEORGE MOFFAT.





THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

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WITH MURDER IN HIS HEART

BY
EDMUND
SHEPPARD

HUD! thud! thud. The horse's feet seemed to pound the earth with even and unceasing monotony. The rider thought of nothing, except when the gallop changed to a trot and the hard pounding of the ugly

beast which he bestrode awoke the man and his resentment. It was two o'clock in the morning when he left Ojo Chevato, and by daylight he hoped to

reach his camp, which three weeks ago he had seen safely across the Rio Grande and left with instructions to push forward with a herd of fancy-bred cattle as rapidly as possible. He had told Seth Finn, the camp boss, to have his stock ready for delivery three hundred miles south of the river in twenty-five or thirty days. Now they should be within fifty or at most a hundred miles of him.

The foreman for Molson & Peters, of Fort Worth, was a "tenderfoot," chosen for the position because he was young and steady and a British subject. Things were very unsettled in Mexico and the American citizen had no rights which the Mexican considered himself bound to recognize. England, however, protected her subjects, and this particular subject was a Canadian, and he knew cattle, sheep, horses and mules as even the native Mexican did not. He was young, not more than twenty-three, tall, slender and nervous, but in the few months of his somewhat difficult task he had learned to master himself and was silent and grave. One thing of which he was not yet sure was whether or not he was a coward. Though he had never shrunk from a task nor retreated in the face of an enemy, he had been sufficiently tactful to avoid encounters and his life had been uneventful except that every day and night had been crowded full of toil. Sometimes in the long and lonely rides between the seven camps he supervised, rides which the presence of Indians and "rustlers" made it necessary for him to take at night, he questioned himself as to what he would do if put face to face with danger and death. Drowsiness had always answered the question, for at night he had learned to doze as his horse cantered along, and in the daytime the strange largeness of the world and his absolute separation from everybody and everything except his horse narrowed his life down to that of a machine. He had nothing to think about, for Messrs. Molson & Peters did the thinking for him at both ends of his long rides. He simply lived and grew strong and self-contained.

Morning and noon and night came, and at the little cattle ranch on the Conchita he changed his horse and marveled much that he had not met his herd. Next day men were breakfasting at El Moso who had come in from the Hacienda de la Muchacha, ninety miles away, and they had seen nothing of a herd of cattle nor a band of horses. He had now been two days and two nights in the saddle, but he still had twenty-five days in which to deliver his stock. He questioned himself as he rode away why any horse should be such an ill-tempered and uneven-gaited beast as the one under him, and why Mr.

Peters had not asked for six weeks instead of twenty-five days in which to deliver the stock traded sight-and-unseen for Mexican cattle. The laws governing business deals and barter in Mexico

were very strict, and the trade of fifteen hundred head of steers for a hundred Durham half-breeds from Texas carried with it a lien on the stock itself and on two thousand head of cattle worth ten dollars apiece. Two weeks of extended time would have made no difference in effecting the exchange, but two days of default in delivery would be ruin. He would have to push the stock hard to get them to the ranch in time. Very well, they would be pushed.

Kerthump! kerthump! kerthump! Patter, patter, patter. What a beast of a horse he had! Every half dozen steps seemed to develop a new and more obnoxious gait. How could a horse know so many ways of torturing a rider? For three days and three nights he had now been in the saddle and every bone and muscle ached. Where in the name of Satan could those cattle be? Sometimes he thought he must have passed them. Surely old Seth Finn would not loiter like this when he knew the success of the whole expedition depended on the prompt delivery of the stock!

Kapit! kapit! kapit! What an absurdly short-gaited little brat of a pony this is! It is a new one and a worse one than the last, but the only beast to be obtained at the Rio Toro, nor is a change to be had for another seventy miles. How was a man to stand it who had been four days and nights in the saddle, never daring to sleep lest the camp be passed? Certainly there is no danger of sleeping on the back of this animal, for every ten minutes the little villain breaks into a kapity-kapit-kapit-shackaracky-pump-pump combination that no nervous system could endure. Beat and baste him, of course, Messrs. Molson & Peters' foreman did, but with what gain? Six gaites with all the change of stops in a cabinet organ developed into sixteen. As the wearied rider passed the shaggy mountain base of Capuchin he remembered once, months ago, when old Seth Finn struck a match from his hand as he tried to light a cigarette.

"Fool," the old man had snapped out, "do you want to be shot? Nobody but a tenderfoot would put a lighthouse over his liver with Indians waiting for a crack at what is passing."

Four nights and nearly five days. Merciful heaven, when will the signal on the trail be reached? Had he slept? Surely nobody could sleep on this buzz-saw of a pony. Yet surely Finn must have the stock in his charge further along than this. "Confound this beast of a pony. I shall drop off," he muttered weakly. It is coming the gray of the evening and eighty miles are at the credit of the trembling animal. Where, oh where, are Finn and the cattle? The gait of the pony gets easier, he is too tired to change, but every now and then he stumbles and blood drips slowly from the nose of the little horse, for thrice he has struck the earth with his head while trying to prevent himself from falling. The foreman of Molson & Peters is asleep. He awakens when the motion stops and tumbles to the ground in front of the little mill at the Vegas. Unhurt but angry, he stood face to face with the trembling gray roan little thing that had carried him so many leagues.

"You are not a horse, confound you! You are a clothes-horse, a thing, a bone-rack left over from the Inquisition."

The poor beast's eyes are shut and his tongue hangs down beside the bit of the bridle, and the blood is dripping from his bruised nose. The young fellow stroked the tired face of his pony, muttering, "Well, you have had a hard trip of it, old fellow." But the horse's head slipped from his hand as he lay down, the saddle cinches creaking as the pony dropped to the ground. The owner of the queer little mill and his pretty wife came out and asked him in to supper. No, they had not heard of any herd of horses or cattle coming from the north. Pedro Gomez, from San Jose, had come in an hour ago and had said nothing of them. No, they could not have passed without someone telling him. Great



heavens! Now nearly three hundred miles from the Concho and no stock in sight!

John Stevens was the miller and Miranda Stevens was his wife. In Ohio they had belonged to the same church as Mr. Peters and the foreman was used to good treatment when he reached the mill at the Vegas. He had slept there a dozen times, and once, not long ago, Mrs. Stevens had put her arm around him and told him, as she kissed his forehead, that she had found a son. He remembered such an almost for-sweet smell of flowers been sprinkled

the bed upstairs with its clean sheets—gotten luxury in Mexico—and the and odorous grasses which had over the white garments packed in



"I FEEL AS IF I WERE DRUNK."

spare room. There was the trade Mr. Peters had made on the Concho and the cattle must be there. Could he have a horse? Of course any friend of Mr. Peters could have a horse, and while the miller was away getting it the miller's wife passed her cool hands over his face and kissed his forehead, and told him that he would kill himself if he tried to ride any further. It made no difference; he must go. The early moon was just growing large as he pulled himself into the saddle and rode away. The even step of the black horse and the knowledge that he could not possibly strike the camp for many hours, brought sleep. He was opposite the Rancheria when he awoke, the little black single-footer going at a steady, even gait. He was thirty miles away from the mill and twenty miles past where pretty Lucia lived at the springs of San Jose. He wondered if he could have passed the herd. Something told him that it was still further on. Five days and five nights had passed and morning showed brightly over the Sierra Madres.

"I feel as if I were drunk," thought the foreman. "A pulse in my head beats with a throb that is as painful as a blow. Curse that fellow Finn," said he. "I asked Mr. Peters not to make him a camp boss. I believe I am afraid of him. I know he hates me."

Seth Finn was alcalde of his village in New Mexico, the husband of a Mexican woman and the hero of more than one shooting match which had been followed by a funeral. Thirty years ago he had been a classleader in Indiana, and even yet in the evening he sang old-fashioned hymns by the camp fire with much feeling and in good voice, often starting tears in the foreman's eyes. He was with the Forty-niners in the rush to California; he had married an Indian woman and degenerated as men do who find such a mate. She had died and a Mexican woman had her place, and he held all local authority in his district. Finn was of the opinion that he should have been the foreman for Messrs. Molson & Peters, and as the young fellow had turned all these facts over in his mind he felt that Finn was holding back his stock so as to embarrass his rival. At nine o'clock in the morning, as the pony passed down into the valley, the camp was in sight. And such a camp! As far as the eye could see the stock was scattered; there was no grass, no water, and the herdsmen were sleeping around the baggage wagon. Seth Finn was not in sight but as the foreman rode in, Jimmie Woods, an Englishman who was acting as cook, stood up and smiled a welcome.

"What the devil are you doing here, Jimmie? You are not fifty miles from where I left you nearly three weeks ago."

Jimmie shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't know, that Finn seemed to be holding back the stock for some reason.

"They will be starved to death if we stay here a couple of days longer. Pack up and move quick," gasped the foreman, and then shouting to the Mexicans he told them to round up the cattle and move them up.

"It is too hot," said Gonzales, the Mexican brother-in-law of Seth Finn.

"It doesn't matter; you have got to go." The foreman's rifles and revolver were piled against the wheel of the wagon and he lay down to sleep, wondering if those dreadful pains would ever leave him. At this moment the tall form of Seth Finn, mounted on a pony, came into sight. "Why are you packing up?" he demanded of Woods.

"The boss told me to, and that we had to move out of here as quick as possible."

Finn sprang from his horse, every fibre of his red whiskers streaked with gray and stains of tobacco juice bristling with rage. Striding up to where the foreman lay he drew his revolver and pointing it at him asked who was boss of this camp. The click of the trigger awoke the half-unconscious man and he glanced up to find his enemy had the drop on him. Life is not worth much to a man who has been five nights and over five days in the saddle, but it is always sweet. Such a villainous apparition under any circumstances will cause a man to be careful how he makes reply, but the knowledge of long nourished hatred made the foreman of Molson & Peters select his language with exceeding great care. Seth Finn called him every dirty name that long acquaintance with mining camps and border grogeries had taught him. As the foreman looked up into the sixshooter he had to hear his mother spoken of in terms such as no man who is fit to live is willing to listen to. Epithets reeking with the filth of a depraved mind were heaped upon him, but there was nothing left for him to do but smile and say, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

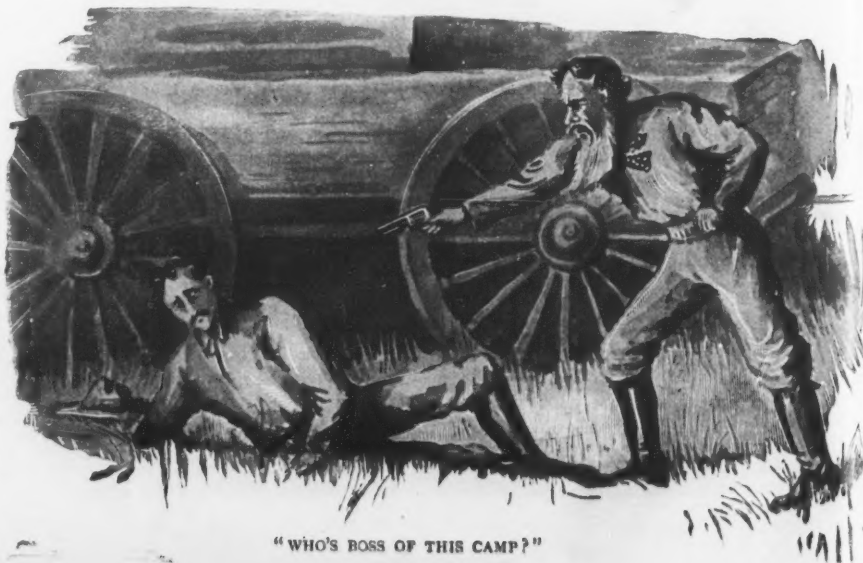
"What do I want you to do! You have got to beg like a dog or I'll fill you full of holes. We are in Mexico now, and if I kill you nobody will ever make me any trouble. I guess I am solidier down here than you are."

"Well, consider that I have begged like a dog, that I have made every apology that a man can make. What then?"

"What then?" sneered Finn, the bristles of his red beard sticking out ferociously. "When you want anything done in this camp, you speak to me. Don't give any orders to the cook. I am boss of this outfit and I am not going to let any dirty-nosed whelp like you come in and tell them to move up."

"Very well, Mr. Finn. You were not here when I got into camp and Mr. Peters has made a trade on the Concho and agreed to deliver these cattle on a certain date, and it will take every moment of our time to get there. I have ridden five nights and over five days without any sleep. What I did was done for the good of the firm and without any thought of injuring you or hurting your feelings. The stock is looking very thin. I cannot see any reason why you are not two hundred miles farther south than this, but we are both working for the same firm and you know your business. I can only tell you that the agreement is for such a date at such a place. If you won't go forward, if you won't try to fill it, you will have to reckon with them, not with me. If you kill me it won't make things any better for yourself."

The last remark was encouraged by the fact that Jimmie Woods, who had managed to lose all his money and half of the fingers from each of his hands, was standing behind Seth Finn and out of range of the Mexicans, waiting for developments. Jimmie was a character. He had nothing to say, he had no nerves, and once when the foreman found him sleeping with a rattlesnake coiled comfortably in the space between his shoulder and his neck he had called out, "Jimmie, Jimmie," and when Jimmie opened his eyes in his slow Devonshire fashion the foreman had said, "Lie still; there's a rattlesnake coiled beside your neck and if you move he is apt to strike you. Gonzales will pass you a stick. Take it in your hand and bring it up slowly and strike the brute before you stir your head." Jimmie reached out his hand and got the stick, struck the snake, pitched it away from him, turned over and went to sleep again without any material change of position.



"WHO'S BOSS OF THIS CAMP?"

Jimmie was standing at the rear of the other onlookers, in a position which suggested that if trouble occurred he would probably have some share in it, and the foreman shifted his eyes from Finn's furious face to the quietly contemplative countenance of the cook. Mr. Finn felt nervous. He was not in a position to see whether a gun was fixed on him from the rear or not, so he dropped his weapon with a final warning that the next time he "pulled" he would shoot.

It had been bitter medicine to the young "tenderfoot." The question as to whether or not he was a coward seemed to have been settled—against him.

In the parlance of the plains he had been made to "beg." Half a dozen Mexicans had witnessed the operation and any further discipline in that camp was out of the question. As soon as the men met the cowboys in the other camps he would be despised by them also. The story would be told in every *meson* and wine-shop where his men would gather. A man may feel very much like suicide when as a bank president he is discovered to be a defaulter, but nowhere in the world does a man feel so degraded as when at the business end of a sixshooter he has had to "beg." It is a choice between death and degradation, yet Molson & Peters' foreman may have thought more of the delivery of the cattle and his duty to his employers than he had thought of his life when he "weakened." As he lay in the shadow of the wagon, however, thinking it all over, this phase of it gave him no comfort. He refused to believe that a sense of duty had had anything to do with his "begging." He asked himself why he should want to live another minute when every muscle and bone seemed to have been aggregated into one dreadful, aching boil. The whole prairie swam before his eyes and the wagon seemed to reel and rock at his head, and the mountains were floating about like clouds. "No," he said to himself, "I am a coward. I should have jumped up and told him to shoot. A man who spoke of my mother as Finn did and called me the names he used, should have had the privilege of killing me." Then prairie and wagon and mountain faded away; he was unconscious. Nearly three days passed before he awoke and found that Jimmie Woods had been carrying him carefully in the baggage wagon and that wonderful progress had been made. Their herd was up to the Vegas, and that morning he had breakfast with the miller and his wife and returned them the black single-footer that had carried him so well. For two days he lay in the spare chamber while the herd was moving on, and smelt the blossoms and the odor of the grasses and thought of strange things as Mrs. Stevens sat by his bed. He wondered if she knew that he had been made to "beg." He thought Mr. Stevens spoke strangely to him. The food was bitter in his mouth when he remembered that he was considered a coward. But solitude had taught him silence and he asked no questions. As he looked at the woman who sometimes came and petted him he thought that such a poor miserable villain as he had proved to be might be quite equal to the rewarding of hospitality with a betrayal of the trust reposed in him. He hated himself most when to his mind came evil thoughts of a good woman.

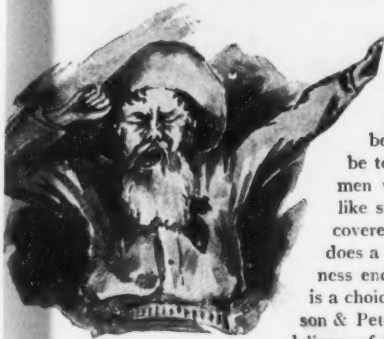
In a cynical way he felt the nose of the poor little gray roan pony, to find out how the wounds had healed. "Say, come here," said Stevens as he was about to mount, passing the pony's lariat to his wife. Inside the little fifteen-by-twenty mill the Ohio man took hold of the young fellow's shoulder and looking in his eyes said: "I hear that that fellow Finn kind of called you down. I hain't said anything to the wife about it and hain't going to, but if you are going to live down here you can't have any such performances as that going on in your camps. You weakened; I'd 'a' done just the same under the circumstances. But you have got to fix it before the men in this camp get to the men in the next one, or else give up your job. Don't be ashamed to take the "pull" on him; he took it on you." The young fellow looked into the miller's eyes, his face gray and shrunken with sickness and reaction. "Mr. Stevens," said he slowly "I will attend to Finn. I have been dreaming about it and thinking about it ever since the trouble took place. I was a coward to weaken, but I will prove that I am not as soft as he thinks." "Say, young fellow, now say, don't kill him, you know. I have killed a couple of men myself, and you know it hain't nice afterwards; you think about it. I don't like the looks of your face. I didn't bring you in here to tell you to kill him; now mind that. You can do him some other way." The boy turned and opened the door and was hurrying towards his horse. "Say now, mind you, I didn't advise you to kill him. I will kind of feel guilty if you do."

With a hasty good-night Molsons & Peters' foreman galloped away, the idea of killing Seth Finn firmly fastened in his mind. He had hated himself for five days and now he started to hate the other man. As he splashed through the water at the ford he thought how he would like to splash through Finn's blood and make it splatter all over everything, and the thought made him laugh. The cactus stood out strong in the white light, and Molson & Peters' foreman saw nothing but Seth Finn's heart in the large leaves. His pistol rang out again and again, and he laughed proudly when he rode up and saw how prettily he had perforated the heart-shaped target. Yes, he would

show Jimmie Woods that he too was a Britisher, even if he came from a Canadian farm and had been made to "beg." In imagination he cut Seth Finn's head off and put it on a bush, the long red whiskers dripping with blood and the small, cruel eyes closed in death. He began to feel happy. When he went back to the mill Mrs. Stevens would know of him as the fellow who had "killed a man." Sometimes he thought of his mother, but more than ever his heart hardened, for had not Seth Finn called him a son of a ———? "I've got to attend to him," said he to himself, "or I must leave the country." The gray roan pony bothered him no more; every time his gait changed a new way of killing Seth Finn came into the foreman's mind. Everything pleased him, and as he rode into camp he had Seth Finn's head cut from his body, and with the red whiskers in his hand he would beat the Mexicans on the face with it and force them to recognize that he was no coward.

The camp had made great progress and was at Casa Blanca. It was almost night when he arrived. Jimmie Woods made some supper for him and picketed his horse. No Mexican paid him the slightest attention, but he could hear them laugh as Seth Finn re-told the story of how he had made the tenderfoot "beg off." His blood boiled, and Jimmie Woods' careful attendance made him still more furious. Here was the cook consoling him, and he dared not go over to the fire where the herders were playing cards and tell one of them to take his horse and give him water! Seth Finn, too, had his sixshooter near his hand, and never turned his back nor let the foreman get behind him, and unless he shot him in the night he could not call him down. Why not shoot him off-hand? Even Finn was not prepared to defend himself against a midnight attack; yet it would but have prepared the peons for an organized attempt at the assassination of the foreman and the beginning of a series of crimes such as all cattlemen have to dread. No, he would wait in the camp till Finn had begun to feel that confidence had been restored and ceased to be so watchful.

It was now nearly eight days since the episode and Finn had not abated his alertness nor failed to hourly insult the foreman by his sneers and quiet contempt for the young man's suggestions. Hate had grown into subdued fury, and this was quickly developing into a frenzy which could not be much longer concealed. The herd was daily making speedy progress, the grass and water proved excellent, and there was no doubt the stock would be at the Concho on time. After the *jornada*, beginning on the morrow and lasting for two days, there would not be the slightest excuse for the foreman's presence in camp and he determined that the deed must be done before the journey was over. Jimmie Woods took charge of the baggage and Finn handled the stock with such skill that even the resentful foreman could find no fault. The Mexican herders, however, were getting tired and ugly. They had been making up for lost time and felt that there should be a day of rest. Finn was inexorable and the *jornada* was undertaken as the heat of the sun waned and as the cattle rose from the shade of sage brush and mesquit in search of grass and drink. Finn paid no attention to his superior, but in the rear of everybody quietly directed the beginning of a drive which was without water for sixty miles. When the herd got in motion he rode on the flank of it and the foreman saw no more of him till camp was struck at the end of the second day, when all hands had supper together, while Finn boasted that he had



"I FIN BRING HIM TO TIME."



not lost a head nor disabled a hoof of the stock. Next day, of course, was one of rest. The camp was at Ojo Calienta, by the miniature river, which, bubbling out of the great hot spring, spreads verdure for miles along its banks. Here the cattle grazed and the men rested, and here the foreman said in his murder-cankered soul that Seth Finn must die. He knew he should have ridden ahead, but without explanation he hung back and stopped with the camp. This annoyed Finn, for he proposed to take the credit of the successful drive.

Jimmie Woods, taking advantage of the holiday, was baking bread enough to ease his task on the long drive ahead. The foreman left his Winchester leaning against the whiffletree of the wagon and brought some harness to mend as he resumed his seat within reach of the gun. Not ten feet away Seth Finn and the Mexicans were seated on a blanket playing cards, though this was strictly forbidden in all of Molson & Peters' ranches and camps.

How was he to get at Finn, whose shooter was never a second away from the grasp of his hand? The foreman was busy with his work and his brain seething with the project of revenge. Why loiter any longer? Jump up and begin to shoot!

"Say, captain," Jimmie Woods began, and everybody looked up from his cards, "I can't cook and gather fuel as well! Tell Gonzales to get some wood. He won't do it for me!"

The foreman knew there would be trouble, but without looking up from his work he told Gonzales in broken Spanish to bring some wood.

In English the herder told him to go to hell.

With one bound the foreman reached the half-breed, who was attempting to rise, and kicked him in the mouth, and the fellow fell sprawling on his back, and when he rose spat out half a dozen teeth. His knife, half withdrawn from its sheath, was returned again as he quietly went for the wood, for there was a six-shooter looking him in the eyes. As the peon hurried away the foreman unbuckled his belt and tossed it and his sixshooter into the wagon, as if believing the trouble were over. Seth Finn had pretended to take no interest in the affair, but when he saw the foreman's unusual exhibition of confidence, and as the game had been interrupted, he yawned and, extending his arms in stretching himself, remarked:

"He kin kick greasers, but I'm the feller that kin bring him to time."

"Finn, don't put your hands down," broke in a cold and deadly voice. "I've got the drop on you. Jimmie, take that shooter off the blanket!"

The foreman's Winchester was no longer leaning against the whiffletree of the wagon; it was pointed with awful nearness and directness to the heart of the alcalde of Violetta. Jimmie Woods removed the revolver from Finn's blanket and stood quietly in the rear as if protecting his superior from an attack in that direction. The Mexicans sat dumb and terrified, never even daring to drop their cards lest the chambers of the Winchester would belch forth messengers of death.

"I've stayed in this camp ten days," hissed the foreman, "to get you where I've got you. Now I am going to kill you. You told me that here in Mexico killing a man didn't matter, and I'm going to take my chances and kill you. Even if I have to die for it, and roast in hell for it, I'm going to do it. Stand up!"

Finn struggled to his feet, his arms still extended,

his face so white that the freckles and blotches of tan and dirt seemed to be bealing off. The small, red-gray eyes were enlarged until the iris was surrounded by a great blood-shot circle of white. He did not doubt his fate, and the awful hate in the face confronting him left him no hope. Nothing came to him in thought or word whereby he might avoid it.

"By the laws of God and man you deserve the death you are about to suffer. You called me names that have been boiling in my brain for ten days. You had no excuse except jealousy, and I have no redress except killing you. Either you must die or I must leave Mexico and be called a coward. I shall prove to these men and you that I am not a coward. Say your prayers!"

He prayed as only one who had been a class-leader could. He confessed there on the great, wide, cactus-covered plain to sins which God only had known. Tears streamed from his closed eyes down into the great matted, red, gray-streaked beard as he begged to be forgiven and received into heaven.

The fierce furrows of hate which days and nights of sleepless fury had graven into the foreman's face began to change.

"Sing," he demanded; "I don't want you to go to hell. Sing Nearer, My God, to Thee."

With arms still outstretched, but trembling, Finn began to sing.

While listening to the quivering notes and watching the livid lips of the singer, the foreman began to think of Finn's other days and of his own; the little white meeting-house where he had gone to worship with his mother; the hymns that were sung and the wagons that used to come up to the steps at the door.

"Sing Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and we will be through," demanded the foreman huskily.

He sang it, and peace for a moment seemed to settle on his strained and livid face. The foreman, looking along the barrel of the Winchester, forgot his purpose and saw only the waters of the creek in the hollow back of the school-house where a few years ago he had been baptized and had felt that he had buried his sins and risen to walk in newness of life.

"Finn," said he, "I do not intend to murder you without giving you a chance. Jimmie, bring this scoundrel's horse; the lariat is his, too. Now, get on there and I'll not shoot at you till you get up to that big cactus with the pole stuck through it. If I miss you, then the next time we meet it will be who gets his gun first. Gonzales, jog out ahead and don't come back."

Finn had no hope till he got on the horse and began to move. Then a wild frenzy seized him and he kicked and beat the horse, and even bent down and bit him that he might be going so fast as to escape the bullets.

The Mexican was running ahead and, fearful of his own life, was determined the horseman should not pass him. As the big cactus was reached, the foreman began blazing away, his gun pointed upwards, but the runner dived into the thorny thicket and the rider crouched and again bit the neck of his horse, like the cruel coward that he was.

The foreman had peace and discipline in his camps thereafter, but to this day he has not decided whether he was a coward to sit still while a gun was being pointed at him and he was being reviled. Of one thing only is he

certain, that never in his life did he feel so much of a coward as when he was pointing his Winchester at Seth Finn.

THE END.





The Mill Stream Notre Dame du Portage

all elm trees to each other lean
Jostle their neighbours on the green
In weird delirious dances
Down-dropping thro' the leafy screen
A shaft of sunlight glances

Here vivid tints of color show.
With softer lights adrift below
And deeper shadows glooming
The hush of sun-spent noons aglow.
And far-off ocean booming

A crowd of ferns together press
Crushed by their utter loveliness.
No fairer rival fearing,
They lean toward their own caress.
Within the stream appearing

From sunny heights, (the mountain's crown)
The wayward water tumbles down
White foam its bosom bearing
And leaves the rocks so steep and brown
In sulky silence staring

No more I'll reck for earthly ill.
These restful haunts my fancies fill
With thoughts of things Elysian
So here the wine of life I'll spill
To greet this glorious vision

Gus. M. Beers

THE LITTLE RED ROCKER.

Hush, he's asleep, with his head on his arm,
My boy whose three summers have filled life with charm.
His tangle of curls like an aureole gleams;
So pure is his form that an angel he seems.
See the smile that like sunshine flits over his face
While he dreams childish dreams of ethereal grace,
Their theme may I mention, with reverent joy—
'Tis the red rocking-chair that is owned by my boy.

There it stands, idle, vacant, none may fill it but him;
When his body is in it pleasure's cup to the brim
Is full to o'erflowing, and gaily he seems
Not a child with a toy but a poet who dreams;
And dreaming he rocks it and swings to and fro
And filleth the pauses with chatter and show.
No such golden bliss sits on a throne, nor such joy
As thrills the red rocker that's owned by my boy.

When wearied with play oft its seat he hath chose
And its swift-swaying motion's a balm for all woes;
The little red spindles gleam forward and back,
And it must be admitted his heels have no lack
Of a share in the music which round him he flings
Oft in babble or song, for this cherub he sings;
What happiness flows, lacking stain or alloy,
In the little red rocker that's owned by my boy.

Dear child, as he rocks by the hour in his chair,
No dream stirs his breast save the pleasant or fair;
His fancy untutored in life's rugged school
Twines not round dull sorrow, for joy is his rule;
And in years that come later ambition may claim
His toil and his struggle for honor and fame;
But no seat of proud honor can e'er give him such joy
As he feels in his rocker. Ah, rock on, my sweet boy!

REUBEN BUTCHART.

ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

Christos! with humble heart I cry,
Hail Thy nativity!
Souls of the blessed welcomed Thee
With blessings three;
Peace upon earth
And to each brother, love
And glory shining from the realms above.

Christos! Thy day of birth was sweet,
When at Thy baby feet
Kings of the Orient worshipped Thee
With tributes three;
Gold of the mine
And sacred frankincense,
And myrrh of many-tryed innocence.

Christos! Thy birth and death are past,
And Thou art proved at last.
Lo, the world's heart gives praise to Thee
For blessings three;
Peace in the soul
And love made passion-pure,
And hope alight for heaven's fruition sure.

G. E. D.

HIS LONG HEAD.

Amicus—Much of your work is done anonymously. Why don't you collect your poems so that you will be known to posterity?

Shrewd Poet—It is so that I'll be known to posterity that I do not collect them.

Amicus—Explain.

Shrewd Poet—I have done enough good signed work to attract the attention of posterity, and when I die someone will collect my work and credit all the good anonymous work of this period to me.

P. MCA.

END.





YES, sir, it's quite a story, tho' you won't believe it's true, That such things happened often when I lived beyond the Soo," And the trapper tilted back his chair and filled his pipe anew.

"I ain't thought of it neither fer this many 'n' many a day, Altho' it used to haunt me in the years that's slid away; The years I spent a-trappin' for the good old Hudson Bay.

"Wild? You bet, 'twas wild then, an' few an' far between The squatters' shacks, for whites was scarce as furs when things is green,

WOLVERINE.

"I leapt on that there horse, an' then jest like a coward fled, An' left that Indyan standin' there alone, as good as dead, With the wolves a-howlin' at his back, the swollen stream ahead.

"I don't know how them Indyan dodge from death the way they do, You won't believe it, sir, but what I'm tellin' you is true, But that there chap was 'round next day as sound as me or you.

"He came to get his horse, but not a cent he'd take from me. Yes, sir, you're right, the Indyan now ain't like they used to be;



An' only Reds an' 'Blue Post' men was all the folks I seen.

"No. Them old Redskins ain't so bad, not if you treat 'em square. Why, I lived in amongst 'em all the winters I was there, An' I never lost a copper, an' I never lost a hair.

"But I'd have lost my life the time that you've heard tell about; I don't think I'd be settin' here, but dead beyond a doubt, If that there Indyan 'Wolverine' jest hadn't helped me out.



"'Twas freshet time, 'way back, as long as sixty-six or eight, An' I was comin' to the Post that year a kind of late, For beaver had been plentiful, and trappin' had been great.

"One day I had been settin' traps along a bit of wood, An' night was catchin' up to me jest faster 'an it should, When all at once I heard a sound that curdled up my blood.

"It was the howl of famished wolves—I didn't stop to think But jest lit out across for home as quick as you could wink, But when I reached the river's edge I brought up at the brink.

"That mornin' I had crossed the stream straight on a sheet of ice,

An' now, God help me! There it was, churned up an' cracked to dice, The flood went boiling past—I stood like one shut in a vice.

"No way ahead, no path behind, trapped like a rat ashore, With naught but death to follow, and with naught but death before; The howl of hungry wolves aback—ahead, the torrent's roar.

"An' then—a voice, an Indyan voice, that called out clear and clean, 'Take Indyan's horse, I run like deer, wolf can't catch Wolverine.'

I gasped, 'Thank Heaven.' There stood the chief I'd nicknamed Wolverine.



We've got 'em sharpened up a bit an' *new* they'll take a fee.

"No, sir, you're wrong, they ain't no 'dogs.' I'm not thro' tellin' yet; You'll take that name right back again, or else jest out you get! You'll take that name right back when you hear all this yarn, I bet.

"It happened that same autumn, when some Whites was comin' in, I heard the old Red River carts a-kickin' up a din, So I went over to their camp to see an English skin.

"They said, 'They'd had an awful scare from Injuns,' an' they swore, That savages had come around the very night before A-brandishing their tomahawks an' painted up for war.



"But when their plucky Englishman had put a bit of lead Right through the heart of one of them, an' rolled him over, dead, The other cowards said that they had come on peace instead, "That they (the Whites) had lost some stores, from off their little pack, An' that the Red they peppered dead had followed up their track, Because he'd found the packages an' came to give them back."

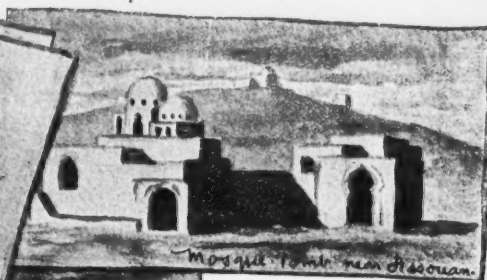
"Oh!" they said, 'they were quite sorry, but it wasn't like as if They had killed a decent Whiteman by mistake, or in a tiff, It was only some old Injun dog that lay there stark an' stiff.'

"I said, 'You are the blackest hounds that ever yet I seen,' Then I rolled the body over as it lay out on the green; I peered into the face—My God! 'twas poor old Wolverine."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF A NILE VOYAGEUR BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW



always respectfully referred to me as No. 113. Whenever he accosted me I always placed myself in an erect attitude, shoulders square to the front, heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, chin slightly drawn in, arms hanging straight by the sides, thumbs along the seams of the trousers, and listened in dignified silence. We are proud, we Lewises.

I always treated the other officers, from Lord Wolseley down, in the same haughty manner. I found things ran smoother when I thus preserved my dignity. Wolseley and I were never very intimate, and as he seemed to be awfully busy most of the time I was over there and got along with his soldiers all right, I didn't interfere with him.

You may think I was too exclusive. I intended two or three times giving him a few pointers on running the campaign, but wisely thought supposing my suggestions should not be promptly carried out, the disasters that might ensue I would be immediately blamed for and my reputation would be irretrievably ruined.

One cannot be too careful.

The Canadians began active work on the river at the second cataract above Wadi Halfa. We worked about ten days, when the operations of the campaign along the whole line from Dongola to Alexandria were suspended until, as we heard, Mr. Gladstone had completed an essay on a new edition of Homer and had entirely satisfied the theological conscience of a dissenting minister in Wales on the efficacy of prayer for rain.

We were not idle. Oh no! The naval brigade and an English regiment lay with us and with that thirst for knowledge which has made the British people what they are, they sought to be instructed in the mysteries of the great national game of America—draw poker.

We taught them. Yes, we taught them. It came high but they would have it.

It is a small thing like this that goes far to show that Imperial Federation is something more than a dream.

There we were, soldiers, sailors and voyageurs, all subjects of the same Queen and united in the same glorious enterprise; thrown together in a strange land in a state of enforced idleness. That we Canadians should attempt to remedy the defects of a narrow and insular education we looked upon as a sacred duty—immediately after pay day. The instruction took time and trouble but was not expensive—for us.

Occasional rumors would be heard that the Welsh parson still held out and Mr. Gladstone would have to devote an indefinite time to his enlightenment. The sailors and soldiers had placed their last piastre on the altar of knowledge, the commercial value of their clothes could never be accurately decided upon, and as we were rapidly changing a Cockney regiment and a brigade of sailors into a hybrid species of Highland corps, contrary to the rules of the service and the articles of war, in such case made and provided, we grew weary waiting.

In a city far away to the south, separated from us by sterile deserts and roaring cataracts, surrounded



GENERAL GORDON

"But that's all shove
be'ind me
Long ago an' fur away.
An' there ain't no' busses
runnin'
From the Benk to Man-
dalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in
London
What the ten year
sodger tells,
'If you've 'eard the east
a-callin'
Why you won't 'eed
nothin' else.'"
—KIPLING.

WHETHER it was the thought of flaunting banners, flashing swords, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" whether it was the desire to see the Egypt of the Bible, the grand Cairo of the Arabian Nights, the land of magic and of mystery, that induced me to serve my

Queen and country, doesn't matter to you. Enemies have insinuated that it was the \$40 a month and found, and a suit of clothes, that made me so patriotic, especially the clothes.

However, in September in the year of grace 1884 there sailed from Montreal about four hundred as reckless and devil-may-care Canadians as the Ottawa and Red River Valleys produce, to act as voyageurs in the

Gordon Relief Expedition, then being organized on the River Nile.

Very few at the outset had a clear idea who or where Gordon was, or what on earth they were going to rescue him for, but with occasional slight assistance from the British army every man was firmly determined to rescue him at the rate of \$40 a month as long as the British Government wished the ill-fated general rescued.

Col. F. C. Denison and I went along.

I always called him "Fred." Certainly, whenever we were together he always did the talking, so he didn't know that I unbent sufficiently to speak of him simply as "Fred." There was no undue familiarity between us. He

A Veiled Beauty

An Arab

Donkey boy

A Fellah Woman

Egyptian Woman

by treacherous friends within and the fanatical followers of a false prophet without, a man fighting almost single-handed to vindicate his country's honor and his country's God grew weary waiting.

Who would attempt to fathom the thoughts of him in his lonely vigils on the walls of Khartoum? Who can say how often would burst from the overburdened heart the prayerful cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Even the thoughtless boatman from the far-off pineries of the Madawaska and the Bonnechere cursed the grand old polemical rounder of periods, the guardian of Britain's honor, who had thus far deserted in his hour of need and now shilly-shallied in rescuing the man who had ventured into the heart of the Soudan at his country's command.

Never to be forgotten is the night we heard the news that the Expedition would advance up the river.

Seated in the open hold of a beached dahabieh, the sides of which hid the light of the flickering candles from the sentry of the boat guard, was a motley group of soldiers, sailors and Canadians intently engaged in playing cards. I had been practically convinced of the fact that two aces and a pair of fours do not beat three queens, and had "gone broke." I had left the circle and was seated on the high poop of the boat enjoying the intense quiet of the Egyptian night. The crescent moon and myriad stars lit up the waters of the river

suspenders, in fact for all his currency. Play was suspended. After a few words with the sentry, whose usually monotonous "Pass, friend, all's well," had now an exultant ring, Burney was in our midst.

"Orders in Wadi Halfa that the whole outfit go on at once. The —th regiment and MacDougall's gang of Canadians move up the river in the morning."

Who thought of poker now? A wild cheer that awakened the whole cantonment burst forth from the group. That jack-pot was never opened. There was no sleep to amount to anything for us that night. Kits were packed, the state of the river above discussed and stories told. The Three Rivers gang made the scene melodious with the martial,

"Allons, enfants de la patrie.
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

or were joined by a hundred lusty voices in the lively refrain, "*En roulant ma boule roulant*," that had timed our paddles on many a long day's journey in the upper waters of the Ottawa.

Someone during the night had permanently borrowed various articles from my kit, with a total disregard of the eternal fitness of things, for when I paraded next morning before a general officer and his staff I strove to be sublimely unconscious of the fact that I had a beef-skin moccasin on one foot and an am-

munition boot on the other, and hoped that like the Byronic collar they would put it down to the eccentricity of genius. I hadn't quite made up my mind what part I ought to take in the expedition, when the foreman kindly relieved me of all doubt by saying, "Lewis, get into 714 and be — quick about it." I should have reproved him for the tone he used towards me, but didn't. I went and took my place in the business end of boat No. 714, manned by ten men of "B" company of

the —th Regiment of Foot. They eyed me suspiciously as I took my seat, as if a Canadian were some strange animal.

At first, the ignorance displayed by the majority of both officers and men regarding Canada and Canadians was, as Dominie Sampson says, "prodigious." Only a few weeks before a prominent English member of parliament had written to the press, denouncing the proposed enlistment of Canadians, on the ground that England was returning to the policy of George III. with the Indians in the American war, and said that it was a disgrace to the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century to employ the scalping knives of the Canadian voyageurs against the unfortunate Arabs of the Soudan. He needn't have been alarmed; we left our scalping knives at home. It wasn't a good year for scalps anyway.

I had an officer in my boat. He was the junior subaltern and had lately joined. He was young, painfully young; not so much in years, for he was about the same age as myself, but in knowledge of the wickedness of the world. I'd been apparently brought up by a careful mamma and adoring sisters in the precincts of a quiet home, and had had private tutors and such. He was a decent fellow I could see, but he had such exalted ideas of his importance as an "officer and a gentleman" that he made me weary. His only vice apparently was smoking, for he soon got rid of his private supply of scented cavendish and students' mixture, and had to come down to the common black strap ration. It nearly broke his heart and I would frequently in pity give him a pipeful of Myrtle Navy, with which we Canadians were served out. He still continued so confoundedly exclusive that I determined that if he wouldn't talk I would shut down on the T. & B. The black strap made him ill several times, but he held out like a little man.

One day a stiff north wind was blowing and we had unbroken water before us for fifteen or twenty miles. What a streak of luck this was, no one not on that trip can realize. Oars had been shipped and we ran merrily along against the current under full sail. With the exception of my bowman, Tommie Atkins had gone to sleep in the shadow of the sails, and Lieut. B—— and myself sat silently together in the stern. As it was lonesome steering in total silence I thought I would have a smoke, and pulled a new plug, large and yellow, out of my haversack and, with my elbow on the tiller, proceeded awkwardly to cut a pipeful. I saw Mr. B—— gaze longingly at the rich golden flakes as they slowly fell into the hollow of my left hand, but I was merciless. I carelessly let half a handful fall into the bottom of the boat, but the look of horror in the junior subaltern's face restrained me from repeating it. I had assisted the quartermaster



HE FELL, GALLANTLY LEADING HIS HALF-COMPANY UP THE HEIGHTS OF KIRBEKAN

that a few days before had lapped the walls of Khartoum and now seemed to whisper sad tidings on their journey to the sea. Across the river the great desert shone like a sea of gold in the reflected light. The gray and time-worn pillars of an ancient temple raised by a forgotten people to a forgotten god cast their shadows at my feet. Occasionally would be heard from the French-Canadian camp on the bank above my head the voice of some homesick voyageur humming *Le Brigadier*, or the old sweet song of his native land, *La Claire Fontaine*. The spirit of the scene possessed me. Were we in this land of dreams, but to dream? Would we never advance? All at once I heard a cry down the river like the combined war whoop of a Blackfoot and the command of a foreman in a rapid. I knew the voice. It was Jim Burney, as daring a river man as ever rode a stick of square timber through the Ragged Chute, returning from Wadi Halfa, where he had gone in the morning. I had carefully investigated that town a few days before and was enviously wondering where Jim had managed to strike the grog, when another yell close at hand, quickly followed by the challenge of the sentry, "Halt, who comes there?" interrupted my reverie and the game in the dahabieh. A soldier was opening a jack pot for a pipe, a jack knife, a plug of tobacco, a pocket comb and a pair of



LIEUT. B——

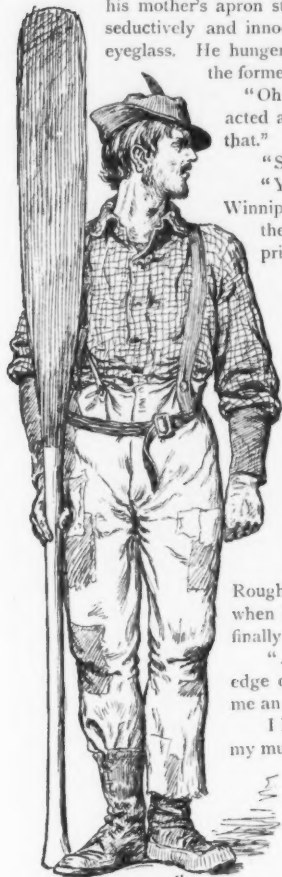


THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY.

in the last issue of tobacco, so somehow or other had a large supply on hand. The requisite quantity was nearly cut when Mr. B— grew desperate. He fixed his glass in his eye that a certain amount of dignity might still be maintained, and in a conciliatory tone said:

"By the way, Canadian, I've noticed you speak English very well. How did you manage it in Canada?"

Good heavens! did I hear aright? Had all the birchings and years of education been in vain? Had that tutor been dismissed on account of a provincial accent that I should hear this from the lips of a stripling just untied from his mother's apron strings? I looked at Mr. B— enquiringly, but he seductively and innocently beamed on me and the plug through his eyeglass. He hungered for knowledge and tobacco. I would give him the former anyway.



Heming

"LEWIS, GET INTO 714."

Hills re-echoed the old familiar chorus of my college days.

"Why, how strange! I thought the Indian language was a jargon, while I see there is a sonorous loftiness about it I little expected."

"Yes, learned men whom I have chanced to meet have tried very hard to convince me of that. By the way, Mr. B—, would you care for a few plugs of tobacco? I have plenty."

Poor B—, he fell shot through the breast while gallantly leading his half company in the charge up the heights of Kirbekan, showing as so often has been shown that the "curled darlings" can fight, and do fight, with the old Teutonic pluck.

As I stood by the little mound that marked his lonely grave, under the solitary dom palm in the great Bayuda Desert, a lump rose in my throat as I remembered the photograph of the family group he so often looked at in the long days on the river, and thought of the life-long sorrow of the mother and sweet-faced sisters in the little English parsonage for the young life that had been given up in vain.

Kismet—but often at night when the winds are sighing through the pine woods the leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark, and the thought of the graves of our comrades abandoned to the awful loneliness of the desert tinged with sadness the recollection of the scenes and incidents of the Expedition of the Nile.

II.

"He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."—DON JUAN.

If you have ever had upon your return from a trip to England an intelligent friend beam sagely upon you and say, "Well, how's England?" and pause expectantly for a reply, you can faintly realize the difficulty of giving intelligent or interesting answers to questions respecting the land of the Mummy and the Moslem, its history and its people. People are perfectly oblivious of the fact that whole libraries have been written about Egypt and its

racess, that intellectual men have devoted their lives to acquiring merely a rudimentary knowledge of what is a recognized science, Egyptology. They expect you, off hand, to fill up a blank of 1,500 years in its history, and in fifteen minutes to thoroughly explain the pyramids, which took E. Piazza Smith, astronomer royal for Scotland, two years of personal residence and three volumes to say must have been built by direct divine inspiration. And then a man is so thoroughly misunderstood.

A lady, president of a society for the conversion of the Chinese, once tackled me, in default of a Chinaman, after I had incidentally referred to my being lost on the desert, and in a feeling manner spoke of my lying on the wild waste of sand with the scorching sun burning upon my defenceless head, far from home and Sunday school. She asked, in a rather personal manner I thought, if all my sins didn't rise before me like an awful vision and propounded the cheerless question, did I realize at that time that I was doomed? She finally almost shrieked, "How did you feel, young man, how did you feel?" I naturally told the truth and said, "Hot, madam, awfully hot." Now this lady said afterwards that I was wicked. By all that is truthful, did the woman expect me to say I felt cold?

Another time, during one of those unexplainable silences that will occur during a "quiet evening," a young lady with an appealing look in her frank blue eyes that almost caused me there and then to cast myself and \$60 a month at her feet, said: "Do, Mr. Lewis, tell us all about the dresses of the ladies of the Soudan." With an ingenuous blush which I used for occasions of that kind I hesitatingly replied that I was not a lady's man, and anyway I didn't think there was much to be said about their dresses, they were not what the tailors called "dressy." I heard subsequently that this young lady thought I was the most unobservant young man she had ever known, for I had never noticed the Soudanese ladies' dresses. Bless her innocent little heart, neither I had, and I have good eyesight, too.

I soon observed that a description of an Egyptian scene liberally sprinkled with camels and crocodiles, bored people; a battlefield would cause the ladies to murmur, "How horrible;" a sketch of an ancient temple without any modern improvements would produce nothing more than a yawn, and a narration of life on a campaign where the superficial varnish of life is not used and God's creature Man shows himself in all his littleness and all his greatness, would make the storekeeper's daughter lisp, "How vulgar," but if you wished to be listened to with an interest intense, all that was necessary was to mention a lord. At once there would be a flutter of expectancy. As the Nile Expedition was probably the most aristocratic campaign since the famous one under the Duke of York in the Low Countries, I had a considerable number of earls and barons in my repertoire. When these ran out—as they did, for the appetite for them was insatiable—I would create a peerage with a celerity that rivaled James I.'s creation of baronets or Mr. Gladstone's proposed recommendations of peers on the House of Lords throwing out the Home Rule Bill. Why it is that a certain class in Canada who have made their money by good, honest, hard work and trade persist in talking like "Jeemes" and "Chawles" the jargon of the servants' hall, is beyond my ken. These people cannot know when they are spuriously imitating a state of things, admirable though it may be, of another social system and another country, that these fondly talked of lords have a placard on their London residences reading, "Servants' and Tradesmen's entrance." I have an impression that a people whose forefathers abandoned their homes of comfort "for God and for the King," who turned the forests into smiling fields, who dammed the rushing streams and Yankees with equal industry, who shouldered a musket at Queenston Heights and Chateaugay for a sentiment, have no more reason to be ashamed of their race than the descendants of Norman barons and modern brewers.



Heming

I STOOD BY HIS LONELY GRAVE.

An idea became so prevalent that I was on terms of intimacy with so many titled and celebrated personages, that I was recommended to write a book entitled *People I Have Met*. They were sure that I had met nicer persons than Archibald Forbes, who wrote about Napoleon III., whose grandfather was a nobody, and that highly improper gentleman, the Sultan of Turkey, who, report said, had one hundred and seventeen wives.

As my relationship with the man who so pluckily ran his gunboat, the Condor, under the guns at Alexandria and dismantled several ports, the man who when his steamer ran aground at Khartoum and the engine and boiler broke down, whilst "stormed at with shot and shell" by a terrific cross fire from both banks, with one other man daringly exposed himself and repaired the damage, has been misunderstood, and as paintings have been made of the meeting of Blucher and Wellington, descriptions given of the meeting of Napoleon and William after Sedan, I might as well accurately narrate my meeting with Lord Charles Beresford.

One hot December afternoon in the year 1884 a solitary figure might have been seen slowly wending his way in a northerly direction, toward the foot of the great Cataract of Dal, about fifty miles south of Wadi Halfa. To even a casual observer it would be apparent that the lone figure was in dire straits as to his apparel. A piece of guy rope and two nails suspended precariously a material portion of his raiment, which altogether consisted of a "looped and windowed raggedness." By the quick, nervous manner in which he lifted his feet from the burning sands it was evident the lone figure was barefoot. Although not wishing to thrust my personality too plainly before you, I may say that I was the lone figure that so picturesquely adorned the landscape. At that time I was one of the pilots on the cataract, in which employment I had ruined my clothes, perfected myself in the utterance of strange oaths, and lost my boots. Afterwards I procured another pair from a dead man who didn't require them any more, and as long as the boots held out I remembered that poor fellow with pain, for it was just my luck that he should have worn sevens and my number was large eights.

After a boat had been piloted up the cataract the voyageur returned on foot two or three miles across the desert for another trip. It was on one of these constitutionals that the casual observer might have seen me wending "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." It is one of the beauties of military life that another man is paid a high salary for doing your thinking. You needn't bother. I had proceeded about half way when I saw slowly emerging from a defile in the mountainous rocks on the other side of the plain a solitary figure mounted on a camel, coming towards me. Everything looks solitary in the Soudan, still a man can hardly be said to be solitary on the hurricane deck of a camel. Its undulating walk, a combination of earthquake and bucking broncho, makes itself plainly, oh so plainly felt, and its individuality is so aggressively asserted under your very nose that you are never lonesome and the thought of Eau de Cologne is paradise. I could recognize even at a considerable distance one whose face was already well known on the river, the handsome *debonair* sailor, Lord Charles Beresford. As we approached each other he stopped his camel and exclaimed in the same tone, strange to say, that an ordinary man uses: "Hello, Canadian."

We had never been introduced, so he didn't know my name. I halted and with a graceful wave of my right arm bringing my hand one inch above the right eye, palm outward, acknowledged his presence.

"Would you kindly give me a match?" said the hero of the Condor, who knew full well by that time that there was nothing going on the river that a Canadian hadn't his own share and generally somebody's else. From the band of my shanty hat, where I kept my matches out of the wet, I gave him, seeing he was a lord and a pretty decent fellow, three. Not being in the habit of meeting members of the aristocracy, I was slightly put out as to the manner in which I should address him. The only person of title I had ever known was the mayor of my native town, and I had always

called him Bill. "Charlie," I must say, would seem slightly familiar for the first interview anyway. I remembered Sir Walter Scott's characters when similarly placed said, "My liege lord" and "Most valiant knight." "My liege lord" didn't seem exactly the proper term to use to a fellow stuck "like a bump on a log" on the back of a consumptive-looking camel, smoking a two-for-a-quarter cigar, which he had lighted with an E. B. Eddy match, struck in the ordinary, old-fashioned way; it didn't harmonize with the surroundings.

The heat of the sand on my naked feet necessitated my "marking time" in slow cadence, seventy-two beats to the minute. He apparently was attracted by my general picturesqueness, for he looked at me long and earnestly and at last said, "Well, you are the most disreputable-looking specimen of humanity I have seen on the Expedition. Haven't you any clothes?"

My unselfishness in not agitating the British Empire regarding the condition of my wardrobe and the opportunity withheld from the late Mr. Bright of making a thrilling speech on the horrors of war, I never mentioned. Overlooking the strong personal nature of Lord Beresford's remark and in order to put him entirely at his ease by showing that I was accustomed to the ways of good society, I said, "It doesn't make much difference, my lord; you see I am not going out to any five o'clock teas this winter." He apparently

seemed to think there was something comical in the idea of my going out to a five o'clock tea, for he burst out laughing. He laughed so long, and if he weren't an admiral I would say so uproariously, that even the phlegmatic camel gazed at me enquiringly but with a startled blush immediately turned his head and modestly looked the other way. The noble lord seemed to have a keen appreciation of my social gifts, for he managed to say midst his laughter, "Nice sort of a young man for an old maids' tea party." It may have been flattering but it was kind of him to say a pleasant word to a perfect stranger. Pulling his pocket-book out, the future Lord of the Admiralty wrote for a minute, tore out the leaf and said abruptly, "Can you read?" I just escaped giving the orthodox answer of the melodrama, "Born of poor but honest parents in a cottage hard by, I cannot read." I answered instead that I could. "Well then, take this as directed." It sounded very much like a doctor's instructions, but before I could ask if it had to be well shaken he had moved on. Without having even asked my opinion on the plan of the campaign, the effect on European politics of the Triple Alliance and whether a man does really feel the cold in Manitoba, he had gone. Well, well, it was his loss. But there was the note. What did it say? Could it be? Yes, it must be. The office had sought the man. My worth and talents had been observed and at last appreciated. I was to be offered a position which nature intended me for. Was it to be on the staff or as general supervisor? My heart beat high and with trembling fingers I opened the note and read:

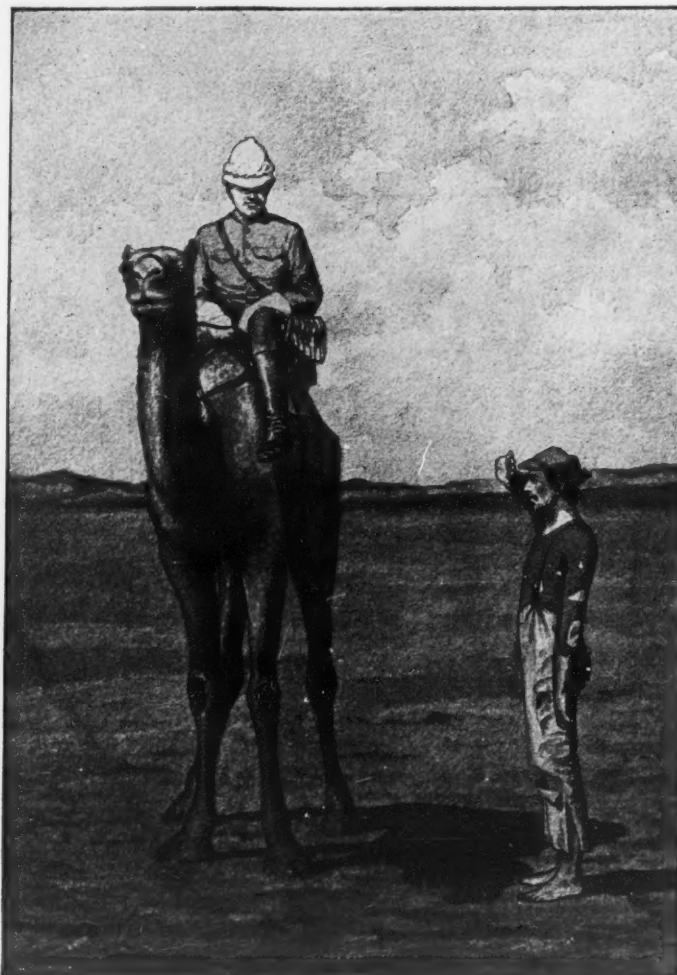
"HELLO, CANADIAN."

"TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, ORDNANCE STORES, DAL:
"Give bearer (Canadian) pair of trowsers."

"BERESFORD."

I looked reproachfully along the trail he had taken and all the trace I could see of Lord Beresford was the gentle wave of a camel's tail as it disappeared behind a hillock of sand. I put my pride and the note in my pocket, which would have otherwise been empty, and in two hours was the envy of every Canadian on the cataract. A few days afterwards I again saw Lord Beresford, but my new clothes must have transformed me to quite an extent, for he never recognized me and I was just as cool as he was.

He was standing on a jutting point of the high rocky bank overlooking one of the worst rapids in Dal Cataract with Col. Fred Burnaby. With a natural interest I had drawn near to see at close quarters two of the most typical as well as the most gallant representatives of Her Majesty's land and sea forces. An expression of good-humored recklessness on the handsome, high-bred face of Lord Beresford made it easy to understand how he was the idol of the British sailor. As I heard one of his brigade say, they would follow him into hell. They came as near to doing it before Khartoum as could be done on earth. The towering height and wonderful physique of the author and actor of the



Ride to Khiva impressed one with the fact that to this knight errant of the nineteenth century, deeds impossible to other men were possible to him. The determined-looking chin and resolute mouth showed the spirit that had overcome the dangers of the Siberian steppes and the duplicity of the Russian agents. When I afterward heard of the manner of his death, how when the corner of the square was borne back at Abouklea he stood his ground, refusing to retreat an inch, and single-handed faced the Arab horde and fought while fight he could, I thought that his death was characteristic of his life. Like the old guard he would die but never surrender.

Ravings of peace societies to the contrary notwithstanding, the protecting flag of Britain, in whose shadow the mission churches teach the old, old story of Calvary to Moslem and to Buddhist, was first planted in the far-off places of the world by the Beresfords and Burnabys of our race.

They were watching the different boats of a Highland regiment, the Gordons, if I remember aright, being piloted one by one over the bad water beneath them by the Caughnawaga Indians. The British officers to a certain extent treated the voyageurs in the same manner as jockeys, and their special favorites were the Indians. The water was very fast, the rapid had to be skilfully worked and the Caughnawagas had been assigned to it. It is almost impossible to describe a Nile cataract intelligently. I have never heard of it being done. The rocks in the districts in which the cataracts are, show evidences of being of volcanic origin, and it always seemed to me that the river, normally about two hundred yards wide, was pursuing the even tenor of its way one day when a volcano underneath, which no one suspected of being loaded, went off and scattered the sacred stream all around the neighborhood without any judgment, and it remained scattered and thus formed a cataract. Sometimes the distance from one main shore to another would be nearly a mile and sometimes the whole force of the river would rush through a gorge only forty yards in width. A cataract might be any length and any breadth. There would be small islands, rapids, falls and submerged rocks on all sides, which with the muddy color of the water rendered it very difficult for the Canadians to steer, accustomed as they were to the clear streams of their own country.

Dal—"The place where a child can live," meaning, I suppose, on account of the wreckage—was the first really bad piece of water we had yet struck. At this particular part it was about half a mile wide. A boat took advantage of a back water along the shore caused by the promontory on which Beresford and Burnaby stood. A little further up, about thirty yards out, was a large rock and a heavy fall of water between it and the shore. After making the eddy caused by the rock, another piece of swift water had to be gone over to catch the eddy of a small island a considerable distance still further up, about which the main force or body of the current swept. This accomplished, it was comparatively easy to cross the river, where a certain amount of tracking could be done, which was impossible on the eastern bank. The only progress that could be made was by taking advantage of the eddies, and if a boat failed in making either it was swept down over another rapid that had taken the previous day to get up. Many did not succeed on a first attempt.

The next boat had been lightened and was ready for the trial. The bank was lined by soldiers of several British and Egyptian regiments, and every attempt was applauded or derided according to its success or failure. Apparently Jackson, the chief of the Caughnawagas, was doubtful about sending the two voyageurs whose turn it seemed to be. They were brothers and mere boys. From the time of their affecting farewell with their old mother, who had followed them to Montreal from their little village, whence they had run away, and vainly endeavored to dissuade them from crossing the Great Salt Lake, I had often noticed them, not only for the affection displayed towards each other, which display is phenomenal in an Indian and their youth, but they were perfect types of what I supposed the Iroquois of our early history to be. They seemed to be anxiously pleading for the chance to take the boat, and at last their chief consented, for they both bounded towards it amidst the ironical laughter of their older comrades. There is no more pitiless rivalry than in river work. After a few words of instruction in broken English to the grim-visaged old Scotch sergeant who rowed stroke, the elder with his paddle took his place in the bow while the younger proved his rudder and tiller, and the boat was shoved off. Keeping close to the shore, a good way was got on. Every inch of the back water was utilized and they took the first swift water in a most workmanlike manner. The bowman's paddle caught the water at the exact time and held her nose well up against the stream, and what with the impetus already obtained and a few powerful strokes from a good crew, the first eddy was made. "Two pounds to one," I heard Col. Burnaby say to Lord Beresford, "that they make it." "Done." For even the vice-admiral had a little of the sailor's prejudice against the voyageurs for having usurped them in work which they thought they could do as well. They got over it when they had to ask the Canadians to take their boats with the Gatling guns down some of the cataracts.

Now came the crucial test. The steersman half rose in his seat that

he might clearly see the rock ahead; the soldiers bent to their oars with a strength that made the whaler spring at every stroke through the eddy; I seemed to see the bowman quiver with excitement as he stood erect, his paddle poised ready to catch the water the moment the boat struck the rapid. Keeping so close to the rushing water that the starboard oars almost touched it, in order that the boat might strike the fall with head well on, the Indian lad steered straight on. Nothing Straight for two feet say, but and the

strike the fall with head well on, the Indian lad for the rock. Nearly a thousand men were looking could be heard but the "sound of many waters." the rock the boat was rushed, her bow was within of it. "By heavens, they'll strike," I heard someone with a quick turn of the tiller her nose grazed the rock she took the rapid almost dead on, the spray drenching crew. The prettiest work of the day. There was a cheer from the spectators which was unfortunately heard by the crew who, imagining that everything was all right, relaxed their efforts when they were in the middle of the swift water, exposed to the full force of the current. They began to lose ground. The voyageurs saw it but their broken English seemed to bewilder the men. The old sergeant, looking over his shoulder, at last understood what was the matter and roared, "For God's sake pull, lads, pull together." A moment later it would have been too late. As it was, the bow merely caught the eddy of the island and the stern swung into the seething cauldron formed by the confluence of the two currents. The counter currents held it as in a vice. The safety of the boat, if not the lives of the men, now depended on their getting ahead. Immediately below them were a number of sharp-pointed rocks that if they did not make the island it would be impossible to avoid being dashed upon, the boat lost, and probably several drowned. Those on shore quickly realized the situation. The interest was intense. The different currents and boiling whirlpools confused the rowing, but the broad-backed Highlanders seemed to set their teeth and tenaciously held out with the same dogged determination that their regiment and race had shown when they hurled back Ney's cavalry at Quatre Bras and covered the retreat of Wellington's army. It couldn't have been many minutes, although it seemed hours, when I thought I saw the boat move slightly forward. A moment after she was in the back water of the island, and waving his paddle above his head the Iroquois bowman gave a yell that could be heard above the roar of the cataract, a yell of defiance and victory to his rival voyageurs. The next rapid was taken and in a few minutes they were across the river, a line was thrown out, and they went on up the cataract.

"Pretty close shave," said Col. Burnaby.

"Yes," said Beresford, "but here goes another boat."

"I can't wait, I am going on to Dongola by camel to-day. I want to get these traps of mine up to my tent. I wonder where my man is? Here, Canadian," this to me, "would you mind carrying this bag for me?" There was a "Good-bye, old fellow, see you at the front," and the last of the Lewises shouldered a particularly heavy Gladstone bag and followed the long strides of the prophet of Jingoism.

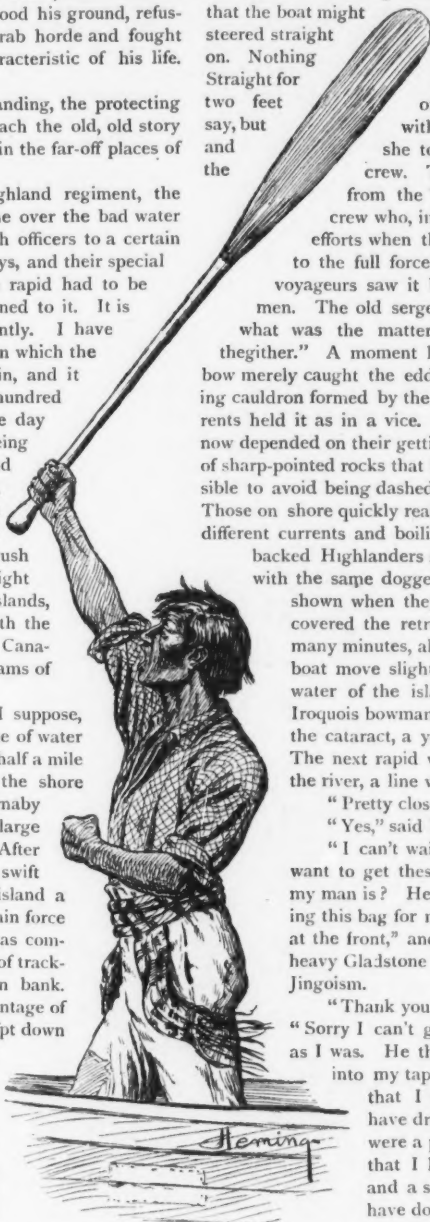
"Thank you very much," said he when we arrived at the tent. "Sorry I can't give you a glass of beer." He wasn't half as sorry as I was. He then quietly and unobtrusively slipped a half-crown into my tapering fingers. I know that I was wrong. I know that I didn't show proper pride. I know that I should have drawn myself haughtily up and said that the Lewises were a poor but proud race and scorned the menial's fee; that I had a maternal uncle who was a town councillor, and a second cousin who had failed for \$18,000. I should have done so, but I had a lurking idea that I would make a consummate ass of myself by kicking up a fuss about nothing and—and—and, well, an English half-crown is

sixty cents, Canadian currency, and that bag was heavy. I kept that half-crown for about three weeks as a souvenir of my first and last tip, but if my memory does not belie me I bought pan-cakes in the bazaar at Dongola with it from a dark-eyed young lady with whom I endeavored to flirt with only nineteen words of choice Arabic. She admired something about me I know; my chum cruelly said it was my capacity for the unromantic pan-cake.

However, in the years that have rolled by since the Soudan war many times have I longed for some memento of the sunshine and the palm trees, the mysterious river and its strange legends, the half-buried temples and their unknown gods, the gallant deeds and gallant men; many times have I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had not parted with that half-crown souvenir as my hands explored the recesses of my pockets without pecuniary success.

III.

Yes, it is a strange thing, that quality which we call pluck. Whether it is that physical courage is a distinctive and inherent mark of our manhood, and we foster it for that—it is provocative of that admiration which all men unconsciously seek for, the admiration of women—or whether it is that the feeling begotten in the times when personal prowess was the most essential quality our forefathers could possess dies hard within us in these days of galoshes and law courts, still the fact remains that there is no more hateful English word than



THE IROQUOIS BOWMAN GAVE A YELL.

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ASCENDING THE CATARACTS.

coward. That man is naturally a fighting animal, I suppose, must be admitted. When a boy, the most impressive lesson of Holy Writ is the particulars of David's overthrow of Goliath. His homage is equally divided between the cock of the school and the Duke of Wellington, his only historical argument that the British would have thrashed the French at Waterloo if Blucher had never been born. Education and time, however, change all that to a great extent; David and Goliath become merely an incident, and the text bearing upon the divinity of the call of a minister to a wider field and higher salary, or the sanctity of the laying on of hands on an embryo bishop, after a hotly contested election between High and Low, is the one dwelt upon. His school-boy hero is now peaceably selling cotton, warranted to wash, in a dry-goods store. The Duke of Wellington he now looks upon as an unreasonable old Tory. The battle of Waterloo was the means of opening up the markets of the world to British commerce.

And courage is a contradictory thing. There was a school-fellow of mine that knocked the historic chip off a big bully's shoulder and stood a thrashing that kept him in bed for a week, and who now turns pale every time he is compelled to use the elevator. Who has not known the strong man tremble with fear in the dentist's chair while his wife, who nearly frightened the life out of an innocent little mouse by her screams from the top of the library table, will unflinchingly attempt to flirt with the dentist between the operations? President Cleveland during the war paid a substitute a thousand dollars to do his fighting, and as president defied his party and appointed a Republican to the Cabinet. Why, I remember myself, since the days when as a boy of fifteen I donned the red coat as a Canadian volunteer, I had a wild longing to go into battle, a march in quick time made the blood course madly through my veins and a martial poem would thrill my heart. I would long for dashing charges and withering volleys with a most blood-thirsty longing. During the Turco-Russian war I would eagerly read the reports and despise all battles where less than a thousand a side were killed. I think I was the bloodiest-minded youngster I ever heard of. I mentally waded in gore and my desire for a battle-field was almost fierce. I am changed now—I don't hunger any more for battle-fields with myself in a cocked hat and jack boots placed artistically in the foreground, yelling "In column charge;" I prefer charging by the column now. I saw a battle-field; it was not much of a one, but it satisfied me.

As I stood almost alone on the heights of Kerbekan, surrounded by over two hundred of the most courageous warriors in the world—they were all dead, I may remark; the battle had taken place before, for, strange to say, they were—I became convinced that a battle was probably the most healthy determined that as long as men shilling a day for that sort of thing most willing tax-payer. There

place the day didn't wait for peaceful avocates after all, and would take a I would be a was an entire



THE GREEKS HAD WINE SHOPS AT ASSOUAN.

absence of the accessories of the battle-field my boyish mind had pictured. After Kerbekan I found it infinitely more comfortable to sleep inside the square every night. The commanding officer and those conversant with Arab warfare believed that the soldiers should sleep on their arms, formed in square, with a hundred rounds of ammunition each, and should stand to their arms an hour before daybreak. As I would sleepily hear the command, "Stand to your arms," in the cold of the early morning I would gather my blanket closer around me for my beauty sleep, lazily look at the four walls of British bayonets guarding myself and the other Canadians and feel that the action of the Brigadier General was most commendable. We would have liked them to have stood there all night but we didn't wish to impose on good nature, so didn't insist on it.

Those war-like militia officers who go up and down the country breathing war and defiance and talking threateningly against the United States, must not

let their imagination run away with the idea that war consists of nothing more serious than a twelve days' drill, a perfectly fitting frogged coat, whisky and water and three cheers for the Queen. However, this fictitious blatherskite and warlike loyalty is their only stock-in-trade. The volunteers who so pluckily went to the North-West to put down a foolish rising, of a most insignificant class, in our midst, but which agitated Canada as it had never been agitated before, realized, as they saw Kippen and Hardisty borne past them at Batoche, that that sort of thing wasn't altogether a joke. As I looked on that scene of death in its most awful form, on the Soudan rocks, where in one heap sixteen forms lay, where a shell had done its fearful work and marked in all, old and young, the clenched fist, set teeth, the torture-drawn face, that even in death retained its unconquerable fierceness, I also realized that it was no joke. I remember Jim Burney calling me to where he was looking at a primitive fortification on the side of a precipitous ridge where three figures were lying in the position in which they had died. There was no more careless fellow on the trip, but the sight before us impressed even him. That they had died hard the empty cartridges beside him whose hand still held the Remington in his death grip and the blade of the two-handed sword of the eldest, plainly showed. They were apparently of the same family, father, son and grandchild; the three generations had fought and died together. The youngest was a mere boy, his Madhist uniform adorned with all the vanity of youth, or it may be a mother's pride. A terrible thrust from a bayonet had caused a hideous wound in his little chest, but his hand still grasped the small spear which the secluded post had prevented the search party from finding after the fight. Burney turned to me after throwing a piece of cloth over the dead boy's face and said in a husky voice, "It's a shame, a damnable shame to come here with their Martinis and murder these poor devils who never did them any harm."

"Well, you see, Jim," I said, "it cannot be helped. Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum have to be rescued and—"

"Gordon be —. What did the Government send them for without enough support? These people are men like you and me; look at them now, look at that little boy—they were fighting what any man would fight for, their religion and their home." He stopped and turning around looked over the hopeless, weary waste of black rock, while the oppressive silence was unbroken save by the sullen roar of the cataract and the flapping of the wings of the vultures from the surrounding rocks, impatient for their fearful feast. As far as the eye could reach there was not a sign of tree or plant or living thing; of all the scenes of desolation in the desolate Soudan that was without doubt the most awful. With a wave of his arm more eloquent than words can express, the voyageur said in a low tone, "And, my God, what a home!"

I had thought of that story about the Iron Duke weeping when crossing that death-cumbered plain of Waterloo, as a tale of womanish weakness which must be a libel. I faintly understand it now.

I have seen so many evidences of men who were everlastingly making aggressive speeches and writing ridiculous paragraphs, deeming it loyalty, in order to get an easy living, that in the opinion of a humble Canadian boatman it's rot. Canadians are all right and there is no doubt will fight, if there is any necessity for it, but there's no blooming necessity, and we have no time to spare from our work for luxuries; it is hard enough making an honest living as it is, without taking a long vacation, fighting Yankees, who only try to do us up in trade.

Talking of courage, I am beginning to think that I am a coward; well, not exactly a coward, but I am beginning to think that in default of a family motto I am assuming that about discretion being the better part of valor. For instance, on the return trip of the Canadians who had volunteered to go on with the troops—but I may as well tell you now that when the Canadians first enlisted it was for a period of six months. As the time had nearly elapsed before we entered the enemy's country, Lord Wolseley called for volunteers to re-enlist for such time as the campaign should last and go on with the troops up the river to Khartoum. He said that those who stuck to the letter of their first engagement would be returned home safely to their anxious friends. About eighty volunteered, and three hundred gallantly commanded by Capt. Aumaud braved the dangers of the broad Atlantic, returned home and were banqueted—some of them wear their medals.

We had arrived at Assouan, the border city of Egypt; the Greeks had wine shops there. An hour after the Canadians arrived the citizens of Assouan were sorry, very sorry the Greeks had wine shops in Assouan. You all know the gentle, loving, playful nature of the riverman on his return from the drive,

when he receives his pay. You have heard of home-drafts and sailors being paid off; well, combine that with what you know about river-drivers, mix that up with a consciousness of duty done and cheap French brandy, and you may have a faint idea what the citizens of Assouan ran up against. They were surprised, for it was the nearest approach to a Western cyclone they had ever seen. There's no doubt about it, for one night at any rate we owned that town. History tells of the taking of Detroit by Canadians, but few are aware of the capture of a town in far-off Africa by only sixty of their countrymen.

Possession of the town was given up the next day, and we re-embarked in barges for Assiaout. There seemed to be a strange prejudice against the Greeks, probably on account of the Trojan war, for there was a strange unanimity in the pillage selected, which was entirely of the wares of the descendants of Alcibiades. Unfortunately there was a large supply, and it was conclusively shown that there was more trouble in a quart of French brandy than a barrel of Gooderham & Worts. Within the narrow precincts of the barge things waxed merry all day, old feuds were settled, and the question as to who was the best boatman was proven by half knocking the life out of your opponent. Tired of the pandemonium, I was reclining in a retired corner during the afternoon, intensely interested in a headache and a French novel, both of which I had succeeded in procuring in Assouan the day before. I was in anything but a Christian mood, for I was bothered by the headache, the French verbs and the hero of the novel, who had just discovered his intimate friend embracing his wife and had sought a public *cafe* to tear his hair, drink *eau de sucre*, and weep on the shoulders of his acquaintances, to whom he had confided his loss of honor. I was just at the part where the duel had been fixed for the next afternoon on account of the dangerous character of the morning dew, and the injured husband had made the desperate resolve never to again even speak to the wrecker of his life's happiness, when Jim Burney reeled towards me. He hadn't eaten anything for a day or so, and having a little spare time on his hands after an interesting argument with a comrade, whereby the said comrade had retired with some bandages, to compose his features, which had become disarranged in the argument, he had boiled some tea. In passing behind me with the teapot he lurched, and about a pint of the boiling liquid went down the back of my neck. I have heard of cold shivers running along the spine, but it is nothing to hot tea, so I may be excused for not repeating the remark which dropped feelingly from my lips and concluded with the kind intimation that I would punch his blooming head. I sprang to my feet with the intention of carrying out my proposal, hot inside and out, intoxicated with rage and the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. The blood of a long and illustrious line of Scottish farmers flowed madly through my veins, while the tea in a "flow gently, sweet Afton" manner pursued its downward way outside. The dauntless spirit of my ancestors who had fought with Bruce for freedom at Bannockburn and died with their king beside the standard on Flodden Field, burst forth. I am not dead sure about having had any ancestors in those times, but if there were any they were there; the Lewises always were hunting for trouble. Burney carefully put the teapot to one side as if fearing to waste any more. I could have told him that he hadn't wasted a drop; I had it all by that time carefully stowed away in both boots. He said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Sorry to have to do it, Lewis, but if you want me to, I can mop this scow with you in about two minutes."

There was a tone of conviction about Jim's words that started me thinking. It is astonishing what an amount of quick thinking you can do when facing a man six feet high, fighting weight one hundred and ninety pounds, heavy ammunition boots, and with just enough bad alcohol aboard to make him thoroughly enjoy kicking your ribs in. As a piece of information I may say that I am not altogether a fool, and I began to think that it was not really necessary to convince me of a self-evident truth and be compelled to constitute myself a search party after several teeth that would probably disappear in the excitement of the moment. I am not much to look at, but I strongly prefer to remain as I was originally constructed. By this time I could feel that the tea had got quite cool; so had I, but I honestly believe that if that tea had remained at the temperature it went inside my collar at, I would have fought my weight in wild-cats, and it was all on account of a few degrees of heat that I reluctantly told Jim that I guessed he could, and sat down. With a muttered "Guessed right first time, Charley," he betook himself to his own quarters. But that was no reason that Charley Manchard should come up and laughingly say, "I have known you for four years, Lewis, and 'pon my soul that is the only sensible thing I ever saw you do." A far-fetched joke about a tempest in a teapot did not prevent me then feeling what I have already told you, that I am considerable of a coward.

IV.

The Christian church does not, *ex cathedra*, declare her position as to supernatural visions: theosophy vaguely speculates as to the transmission of

thought and communion of souls, but students of psychology endeavor in a dozen different ways to explain that curious and invariably startling impression that possesses a person at times that, though it may be under different conditions or in another life, a certain present scene has been witnessed by him before. The idea has possessed everybody. The indescribable, almost ghost-like familiarity that strikes you, though it may be indefinite as to details, is positive, while the feeling that it begets is uncomfortable and uncanny.

On the steamboat journey through Lower and Upper Egypt, whether it was on the river with its curious dahabiehs and nuggars or on the banks where the fellahs with primitive implements were engaged with ox and ass in agriculture; whether it was in the narrow streets of the crowded bazaars of the various towns with their money changers, bearded merchants and ever changing groups of motley dressed Greeks, Copts, Jews and Arabs, or in the desert where might be seen the heavily laden caravans with Sheik trudging at the head with pastoral staff in hand, again and again would I be possessed with the idea that I had at some time or other been there before.

Many phases even of the everyday life of the people, although met with for the first time, did not strike me as strange. In a dreamy and undefinable past I would sometimes think I had walked those streets and talked

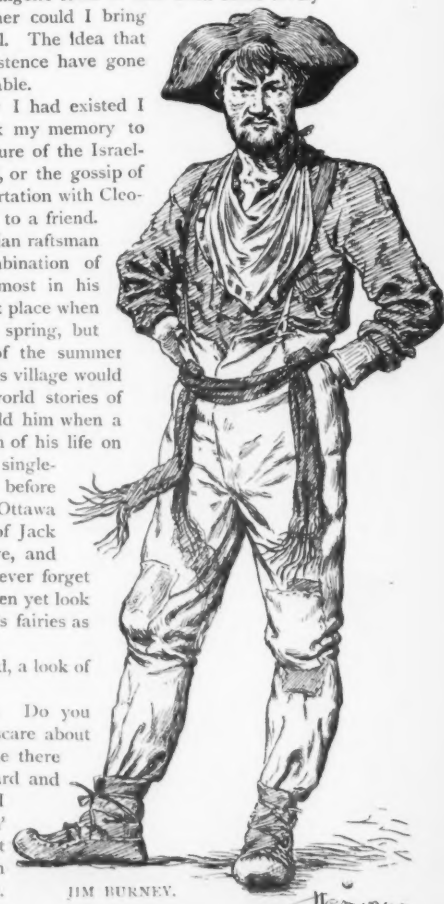
with those people. The idea became oppressive. I began to entertain the most grotesque and jumbled up notions of immortality. I wondered in a hazy sort of way about the possibility of a previous existence. I hovered around the Brahmin theory of the transmigration of souls and was even haunted with the ludicrous thought that a camel or a donkey might turn out to be a poor relation. It was harrowing in the extreme when mounted on a donkey to run up against the thought that your long-eared steed might turn out to be a seventh or eighth cousin of your own. Although I believed that I had had an existence in some shape or other in the land of the Pharaohs, I never flattered myself that I had hovered around in angelic form or had been some lovely bird. I wasn't built that way. Neither could I bring myself to think that I had been a camel. The idea that a Canadian voyageur could in any existence have gone nine days without a drink was inconceivable.

At what period of Egypt's history I had existed I could never determine, and would rack my memory to find out if I could remember the departure of the Israelites, the building of the Great Pyramid, or the gossip of the day about Mark Antony's historic flirtation with Cleopatra. One day I confided my feelings to a friend.

Jack Boyle was a type of the Canadian rafter now fast disappearing, a curious combination of toughness and tenderness; tigerish almost in his fierceness in the bar-room rows that took place when the river-drivers were paid off in the spring, but gentle as a woman in the idle days of the summer when the little children of the backwoods village would cluster around to hear the quaint old-world stories of fairies and banshees his mother had told him when a boy. He thrashed a man within an inch of his life on the road to the bush one autumn and single-handed nursed him through small-pox before Christmas. There are several men in Ottawa and Quebec that will carry the mark of Jack Boyle's fist or corked boots to the grave, and there are many poor women that will never forget his kindly aid and many children who even yet look forward to a visit from Shantyman Jack's fairies as a reward for good behavior.

As I described the impressions I had, a look of relief stole over his face.

"So you've been seein' them, too. Do you know, Charley, I've had the darnedest scare about those things. You know for quite a time there I'd been hittin' the wine shops pretty hard and makin' the bazaars howl generally, when I began to feel just as you've been tellin' me. In Canada rats and snakes might be expected on the programme, although I didn't think I drank enough for that.



JIM BURNERY.

But this is such a confoundedly strange sort of a country that I thought a fellow mightn't have that kind here—didn't grow them. So I began to think that that was another kind I was havin', a sort of Oriental jim-jams, so I swore off and have stuck to Nile water for a week. Heavens, Nile water for a week! Let us go up to the bazaar. Come on."

The steamer and barges were tied up to the bank for the night and Jack and I set out. Beside a well in the shadow of an enormous palm tree immediately outside the gate of the walled town, a desert caravan had encamped. The burdens had been removed from the camels, donkeys and horses, and the wearied beasts were lying down enjoying their well earned rest. The patriarchal-looking Shiek, with long, flowing white robes, had that look of innate, unconscious dignity that only the high-born Oriental possesses to its full extent. It was sunset and as the last "declining rays" tipped with gold the hillocks of sand, the Ishmaelites of the desert with faces turned toward the glowing west prostrated themselves on the sand in evening prayer. The perfume of the mimosa trees and gardens scented the evening air with almost intoxicating sweetness; the brilliant glare of the day had given place to the uncertain hazy light of the hour that dimmed the surrounding objects with a semblance of unreality; the ceaseless murmuring of the great river with its strange, strange story could still be heard, and as I looked on the upturned face of the old man and as I listened to his reverent cry of "Allah, Allah," I forgot the prophet of the sword, the heresy of Islamism, and remembered only that the God he worshipped was the God of Isaac and of Jacob.

With almost solemn intensity I was impressed with the familiarity of the scene. Along a narrow street in the direction of the bazaar Boyle, who was unusually silent, and I, still possessed with the scene I had just passed, proceeded. Bret Harte's humorous lines kept incongruously jingling in my brain:

Do I sleep, do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or are visions a-out?

From the other end of the silent street we saw a tall Egyptian coming in our direction. His turban was green, showing him to be of the family of the prophet and he appeared to be a man of wealth and position. As he approached I noticed that his face had a look of treacherous malevolence unusual even in an Egyptian Pasha, and as he passed he favored us infidel British with a look of such concentrated hatred that Boyle whispered to me in a tone of conviction, "Judas Iscariot, so help me God!" Like a flash it occurred to me that it was in the Bible that I had met with these scenes before. The wonderful word pictures of the Book of Books, known in my boyhood, had unconsciously imprinted themselves on my youthful mind to such an extent as to form mental photographs of Eastern life and scenes, and although unfortunately half forgotten in the hurly-burly of life, when seen with the actual eye seemed strangely familiar. Throughout the journeyings on the Nile the lessons of the Bible were taught with a forceful understanding the mind was incapable of grasping when seated in a cushioned pew, and it seemed that the Voice that spoke on Sinai could yet be heard midst the rocks and silent places of the wilderness, and its echo seemed still to linger in the night wind of the desert and the mighty flow of the river.

Understandable as that feeling of familiarity was, explainable as was the sense of dreamy unreality and mysticism that so pervades Oriental life that the tales of the Arabian Nights did not seem outlandish or improbable and enchanted mirrors and genii floating around on bewitched carpets seemed to be perfectly in harmony with the life of the people, still, to describe the wonderful, awe-inspiring ruins of temple, monolith and sphinx, that rise in their stupendous, weird majesty throughout Egypt as imperishable monuments over the grave of a buried world, and the emotions they conjure up, is impossible for anyone—except, perhaps, a certain class of minister.

A congregation can never refuse its minister leave to go to the Holy Land with salary running on the same; it would seem like refusing him leave to go to church or to heaven. He is generally run through Egypt by contract in so many days on a Cook's tourist ticket and a guide book. When he returns, what he doesn't know about Rameses, Sesostris, Isis, etc., isn't worth knowing. He knows all about the hieroglyphics and can tell to within ten feet where Moses was found in the bull-rushes. In the lecture which he invariably gives he glibly explains the reason, date and manner of erection of the mysterious great pyramid with the same easy, dogmatic certainty that the Sunday before had settled the question of the creation of the world. The explanation of the marvelous ruins with their array of hieroglyphics, of Luxor and Karnak, which Homer speaks of as "hundred-gated Thebes" and which is supposed to have been as large as modern London, presents no more difficulty to him than the doctrine of original sin. Somebody has said somewhere that to visit the ruins of ancient Egypt with a guide book is like placing yourself face downwards at midnight in the middle of the desert with the outlines of astronomy in one hand and a candle in the other, imagining you are understanding the mysteries of the stars. That idea never strikes the average minister. I once heard a lecture on Egypt and the Holy Land given by an ultra-respectable reverend gentleman who fairly reveled in ruins. He handled pyramids and obelisks in a careless, easy manner and simply toyed with monoliths and sphinxes. He cheerfully gave an accurate guide book description of the temple of Abydos and applied it to the temple of Edfou. They were located a few hundred miles and erected a few hundred years apart and in honor of different gods, but he went cheerfully on, and in order to be perfectly fair applied the description of Edfou to Abydos and then merely changed gods. He handled the thirty-three ancient dynasties as an expert gambler would shuffle a pack of cards and whenever he

wanted a king or queen would simply draw one, perfectly regardless of the suit or dynasty. He ascribed the building of the magnificent temple of Karnak to Amehotep IV. instead of to the famous king Thothmes III., but the audience did not seem to mind this injustice and there was no kick coming from me. Thothmes III. was no friend of mine.








He fearlessly tackled the kings, and I looked for trouble. In the most imperturbable manner possible he made one Pharaoh's son his great-grandfather, and contrary to the explicit rules of his church hurriedly married one unfortunate king to his own grandmother. However, he very nearly did get into trouble. His lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views. On a large canvas on the stage or platform the views were shown, and on a temporary stand slightly to one side and in advance of the platform of the darkened hall, with his back towards it, stood the lecturer with a small shaded lamp with which to read his copious notes. A magnificent view of the sphinx by moonlight was thrown on the canvas. It would be impossible to give an uninteresting description of it, and what with the beauty of the view the lecturer's remarks were loudly applauded by the large audience. The reverend lecturer paused for silence. Unfortunately, the stereopticon man thought he was through with the sphinx, withdrew the slide, slipped in the next in order and threw it boldly on the canvas. It was a picture of a handsome Bedouin girl of the village near the sphinx. The minister never noticed the change. Gratified by the applause, he waxed eloquent. "This is a mysterious as well as beautiful figure. There is a mystery surrounding it that is indescribable. For centuries men have endeavored to understand this wonderful puzzle, this marvelous enigma. The intellect of the scholar as well as the experience of the man of the world are alike confounded by this gigantic riddle. It has become a synonym for anything incomprehensible." ("That's so," said an old married man beside me as he gazed at the girl. There was applause from the back benches and a flutter among the ladies.) "As I gazed into the beautiful face, beautiful in spite of the disfiguration" (the audience looked at the roguish-eyed girl but could not see anything wrong), "I marveled at its calm beauty, I felt its strange charm growing upon me to such an extent that I believed I could have looked upon it forever." The young woman was good-looking and there was sympathetic applause from the young men, while the deacons looked grave and the ladies became slightly agitated, for as usual the minister had a wife and nine children. "From the shoulder, where after considerable trouble I placed myself, I could easily notice the contour of the beautiful chin and mark the artistically chiseled lips."

This was getting startling and the coughing became pronounced. On account of a sermon against dancing to young women, who foolishly thought their hearts beat merely in unison to music and that their little feet naturally would persist in responding, until he explained otherwise, the reverend lecturer had a great reputation for piety and learning, but this was coming it rather strong, and in the presence of his congregation too. I know that there was a mental resolve made in the minds of many of the married ladies present never to let their spouses loose in that horrid Egypt if that was the effect it had on their pastor. A few students in the rear of the hall created a diversion by flatteringly singing, "He's a Daisy," and the Arab maiden, despite the unkind things already being whispered about her, still beamed sweetly on the audience. The lecturer went on: "The Persian, the Greek, and the Roman in their turn have felt the influence of that impenetrable smile. It seems decreed to be for ever a mystery. No man can explain it and the reputed age even can never be relied upon." ("Right you are," said a voice in the dark.) "There is no doubt that it must be over three thousand years." That was too much. If a woman is only as old as she looks that girl was not a day over twenty, and the back benches whistled and caterwauled in disapproval of the attempt to ring in a Rider Haggard yarn on them, even if he was ten times a minister. "You can judge of the impressive effect of this figure in its perfect proportion and symmetry when I say (luckily the magic lantern fellow just then replaced the sphinx on the canvas) that it is over fifty feet at the base." There was a sigh of relief from the audience that nearly blew the minister's light out, at the narrow escape from a church investigation the pastor had had.

No, no. The ordinary lecture on the ruins of Egypt is sacrilege. Let these people take their little hammers and knock off chips from temple and sphinx and place them on their mantel-pieces, it cannot be helped; but for heaven's sake let them not lecture about it. Sir William Butler repeats this story, referring to ancient Thebes, "When the French army under Dessaux in the last year of the last century came in sight of these vast temples, an instantaneous emotion spread through the ranks. Chiefs and soldiers halted by a common impulse, and with uplifted swords and presented arms the whole army saluted Thebes. Such was the homage paid by the young army of Napoleon before the relics of Sesostris." It should be so with us. We cannot understand them. Their magnitude and mystery confound us. Let us salute them. It is vandalism for the ordinary man to presume to explain them.

Speaking of vandalism reminds me that there is the small toe of a beautifully perfect statue of an Egyptian king hammered off in that marvel of marvels, the temple of Abou Simboul, by a Canadian officer in—but as Kipling puts it, that is another story, which will appear in the regular issue of SATURDAY NIGHT the third week in January and continue six or eight weeks. The many exciting and humorous experiences of the Voyageurs will be set forth in illustrated form.



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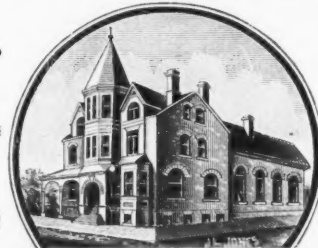
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